The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXXX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24, 1937 NUMBER 1164

Contents

The Week 193

Editorials

A Supreme Court Primer 196
Picture Papers 197
Model League and Model Senate 197
On the Road to War 198

General Articles

The Case for the Sit-Down Strike ..... Leon Green 199
Requiem for the Spanish Dead (verse) ..... Kenneth Rexroth 201
I Have a Thing to Tell You: III ..... Thomas Wolfe 202
Pardon Me! ..... Francis Hackett 207
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 208
Other People's Money ..... John T. Flynn 209
Pleasant Passage ..... Stark Young 210
"Camille": Rebirth in Pictures ..... Otis Ferguson 211
The Bandwagon 212

Correspondence 212

Books in Review

Kipling of Westward Ho! ..... Edmund Wilson 214
Arms and the Business Man ..... Gerald P. Nye 216
The Genteel Rebel ..... Michael Sayers 216
As Britons See Us ..... A. A. Imberman 217
Prejudice, Unlimited ..... Martha Gruening 217
All Fiction ..... Nathan Asch, Otis Ferguson, Granville Hicks, Elizabeth Huling and Dan James 218

The Week

THE centers of attention in the United States during the week ending March 16 continued to be the Supreme Court controversy and the labor situation. . . . The President supported his proposal by an eloquent, even fighting, "fireside chat" over the radio, which was countered with a new barrage of the same old arguments on the other side. The Senate Judiciary Committee began hearings with statements in favor of the bill by Attorney General Cummings and Assistant Attorney General Robert H. Jackson—the latter's a particularly able one. Many legal authorities are to follow, while the administration plays a waiting and persuading game. . . . An agreement between General Motors and the Automobile Workers' union was finally drafted and awaited ratification, while the unionized Chrysler workers, claiming representation of 90 percent of the employees, asked for recognition as sole bargaining agency and were refused. A sit-down followed, against which the company obtained an injunction. The National Labor Relations Board cited Remington Rand for grossly unfair labor practices under the Wagner Act and ordered the company to reinstate 4,000 strikers. The latter declined to obey, on the ground that the law is unconstitutional; the Supreme Court continued to delay in deciding the matter. Strikes and negotiations spotted the map. The A.F. of L. fulminated ineffectually against the CIO, which went on with its business of organization. . . . The House of Representatives stiffened in favor of giving the President more discretion in administering neutrality legislation than the Pittman bill, passed overwhelmingly by the Senate, allows. A deadlock in conference is predicted. . . . The New York legislature failed to ratify the child-labor amendment. . . . City Manager Dykstra of Cincinnati was elected president of the University of Wisconsin.

IN Spain, during the same week, the battle for Madrid was renewed by an Italian offensive along the Aragon road, which was thrust back, at least temporarily, by the Spanish loyalists. Losses were reported to be heavy, especially on the fascist side. Estimates of Italian and German troops under Franco were raised as the projected application of the neutrality blockade was still delayed. . . . Premier Blum of France, under attack from the Right on the ground of fiscal unsoundness, rallied support for a great new defense loan, which was oversubscribed. . . . A heated outburst of name-calling, hurt feelings, demands for apology and non-apologetic replies arose between the United States and Germany. The only net result will probably be a greatly increased chance for the reëlection of Mayor LaGuardia of New York, who started things by suggesting that a figure of Hitler be included in a chamber of horrors in the new world's fair. The German government protested; Secretary Hull apologized; the German press hurled insults at LaGuardia, the women at the meeting he addressed and Americans in general; Ambassador Dodd delivered a sharp note from the State Department objecting to the furious obscenity of these attacks; the German Foreign Office tried to explain and justify the Nazi press. This sort of thing has brought to LaGuardia the unwavering support of thousands in New York, and has increased the unpopularity of the German regime throughout this country.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SECRETARY Hull has now retreated from his position that American doctors, nurses and hospital orderlies should not be granted passports if they were going to Spain. News dispatches say the State Department's ruling was rescinded because of the large number of protests that had been made. Meanwhile, Mr. Hull has renewed his plea that Americans who wish to help alleviate the suffering caused by the Spanish civil war should do so through the American Red Cross. It is interesting, in the light of this appeal, to know just how some of the money already sent to Spain by the Red Cross has been spent. An official of the institution says:

> The American Red Cross has appropriated $42,000 for relief in Spain, $15,000 of which was sent to the International Red Cross Committee to be used equally for its activities with the government and nationalist forces. The Junior Red Cross also has sent through the League of Red Cross Societies in Paris, $1,000 for the purchase of supplies to be used for relief work among the children, and $26,000 was placed at the disposal of the Department of State for the evacuation and repatriation of American citizens in the Civil War zones.

It is a little hard to see why Red Cross money should be used to bring American citizens out of the fighting zone. Are we to understand that if these philanthropic funds had not been available, they would have been left there to take their chances? Still more startling, to many people, will be the news that the funds for the actual use of fighting forces have been equally divided between the government and the rebels. It may be answered that this in in accordance with Red Cross tradition; and certainly, we would not suggest that humanitarian agencies should descend to the barbarian level of the fascists themselves. Nevertheless, we should like to know how many of the Americans who have donated Red Cross funds to be spent in Spain knew how they were to be allotted.

THE recent news from Japan, if it can be accepted as entirely authentic, represents one of the most important changes in national policy of the past few years. The Japanese now declare their intention of living in peaceful harmony with the entire world. Specifically, they renounce any intention of territorial aggrandizement south of the Great Wall in China. Their conciliatory attitude seems to be directed also, and in particular, at Soviet Russia. Those who argue that Japan's change of heart is genuine mention several possible reasons. Japan's economic position is a serious one, her military expenditures are out of all proportion to the national income, taxpayers are groaning and agricultural unrest is serious. China at this moment has more unity than she has possessed for many years, largely because of the recent understanding between Nanking and Communist China, an understanding that amounts to a United Front against Japan. The Japanese, moreover, may have decided that when they made their great agreement with Hitler some months ago they overestimated German military strength and underestimated that of Soviet Russia, both on her Western frontier and in Siberia. Against these arguments must be set the cynicism of those who say that Japan's change of heart is too sudden and complete to be true, that her militarists are only temporarily under a cloud and that they will gain the ascendency again as they have done in the past. One of the difficulties with a heavily censored fascist country, which is what Japan is today, is that no one can say whether a professed change in policy is genuine—or if genuine, how long it will last.

PERHAPS the weakest spot in the chain of democratic nations blocking Hitler's ambitions is at present in France. While the People's Front under Blum continues to hold together, its future seems precarious on account of the economic situation. Devaluation has not brought the hoped-for economic improvement. Large budget deficits continue, greatly augmented by new expenditures on armament. Under these circumstances warnings are issued from the Right that the French economy cannot stand the strain unless the program of social reform is moderated. The Premier has announced a breathing spell, but this offers no fundamental cure, and on the Left, particularly from the Communists, comes pressure for further advance. Hitler is said to be counting on French internal weakness in the future to immobilize the French military power while he does what he likes elsewhere. He knows that about one-third of the population entertains fascist sympathies, while another third is firmly pacifist and will resist all action leading toward war unless France is herself attacked. His calculations are doubtless in error; the rallying of all parties and of French savings behind the new defense loan indicates what unifying power foreign danger can exert. Nationalization of the great Schneider-Creusot arms works by overwhelming vote of the Chamber underlines this impression. But many, both within France and outside it, would be relieved if a genuine improvement in her economic situation could be made.

EVERYONE who has ever lectured in public knows the almost irresistible impulse to indulge in logorrhoea, or orator's disease, and to generalize freely and impromptu on all subjects. Audiences are usually polite; they conceal disagreement even when they feel it; the orator of the day changes by imperceptible gradations from a man who knows, presumably, something on one subject to a human encyclopedia who can answer questions offhand on everything from the aard-vark to the zoötrope. Something like this must have happened to Professor Bernard Fay, the French author, when he lectured the other day in Berlin on America—assuming, of course, that he was correctly quoted in the press. Professor Fay sees the United States in danger of "sinking into communism" and also facing an economic catastrophe "of inconceivable magnitude." This is because the Americans are "stricken

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the scourge of doubt." America has been wrecked by individualistic exploitation of the past, and because this happened under democracy, our leading thinkers—including particularly Baptists and Methodists—have lost faith in the democratic ideal. The United States is an exemplar of two worldwide dominating ideas—the fear of nature and the certainty that "the brutality of industrialism must end." Space does not permit us to sort out and comment on Professor Fay's ideas, some of which seem to us true, some false and some mutually incompatible. Perhaps we should, after all, be grateful that he did not, as he might have done, deplore the way in which our American Negroes continue to lynch our Red Indians because of differences of opinion as to the performances of jazz music offered in Hollywood movies.

IT IS difficult to remain calm in the face of the action of the State Assembly of New York, which defeated a bill to ratify the federal child-labor amendment by a vote of 102 to 42. Every straw vote and test poll taken anywhere in the country indicates that an overwhelming majority of Americans want this amendment. Yet in the very teeth of this public opinion and despite the most urgent pleas by the President of the United States and the Governor of New York, an alliance between economic reactionaries and Catholic dignitaries blocked the way in New York. The countrywide sentiment in favor of the amendment still exists, of course, and it will ultimately find expression despite the vote at Albany and despite the cumbersome machinery for amending the federal Constitution. Twenty-eight states already have ratified the amendment and if the necessary total of thirty-six is not forthcoming eventually, some other way will be found to express the nation's will. Meanwhile the New York vote gives added point to President Roosevelt's call for action on the Supreme Court bottleneck right here and now. The amendment method may seem theoretically preferable to some persons, but it is a slow and uncertain way to get results.

IN SELECTING C. A. Dykstra for the presidency of the University of Wisconsin the regents of that institution seem to us to have made a commendable choice. Mr. Dykstra, as city manager of Cincinnati, has shown himself an able administrator. His academic background includes the teaching of political science at Chicago, Ohio State and Kansas, and his public activities, such as the chairmanship of President Roosevelt's committee on urbanization, demonstrate a liberal and humane point of view. It is to be regretted, however, that a worthy appointment does not settle the question of the proper relationship between the political administration of a state and the state university. That was the disturbing undercurrent that ran beneath the proceedings resulting in the dismissal of Mr. Dykstra's predecessor, Dr. Glenn Frank. A great many persons, including numbers of those who were sincerely convinced that Dr. Frank should have been dismissed, would like to see that basic question clarified in more definite fashion.

EVER since the beginning of the New Deal, efforts have been made to get through Congress a badly needed food-and-drug law. These efforts have thus far been defeated by two things, chiefly: first, the embattled opposition of the patent-medicine makers and their allies and beneficiaries, the newspaper and magazine publishers; and second, the fact that no one has been able to get President Roosevelt really interested in the subject. The Senate has now passed a bill introduced by Senator Copeland which must be the ninth or tenth revision prepared in the past four years. It was acquiesced in by the patent-medicine interests and their friends for two reasons: it has been weakened so much from the former drafts that they no longer fear it, and they believe that by getting this emasculated statute through now, they are preventing the reintroduction of a really strong bill. Among the criticisms made of the measure as it now stands are the following: the clause about false statements has been watered down to read, "false in any *material* particular," which, in friendly hands, can mean anything—or nothing. Penalties for false advertising apply not to things already done, but only to the future actions of the advertiser, through injunctions. The government's right to seize harmful products already put on sale is severely restricted. Control of dishonest advertising would lie with the Federal Trade Commission, which many people believe is not equipped to handle such a task. The bill wipes out the thirty years of valuable court precedents already built up under the old law inspired by the late Dr. Harvey Wiley. President Roosevelt has hinted that if the bill that has passed the Senate comes to him for signature in its present enfeebled form, he will veto it. We hope that the House will make this unnecessary, by fighting for a law that means something.

THE need of a new and effective pure-food-and-drug law, vigorously enforced, is freshly shown by evidence presented in last week's issue of The Journal of the American Medical Association regarding the poisonous effects of oranges and other citrus fruits upon certain individuals when these fruits have been artificially dyed or colored to enhance their appearance. In a medical test, four out of eight persons were adversely affected when their skin was brought into contact with the peel of oranges that had been colored—one individual so seriously that the test had to be terminated in a few minutes. In persons who are especially sensitive, the results may be extremely grave: The AMA Journal publishes a shocking photograph of a victim whose face was almost a solid mass of eruptions as a result of working in a fruit store dealing in dyed oranges. Ninety percent of the oranges sold in New York City have been artificially colored, according to The Journal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Supreme Court Primer

THE President's worst handicap in arousing support for his Supreme Court proposal is probably that many persons do not know some of the elementary facts upon which an informed opinion must be based. Again and again statements are made, not merely in private conversation but in speeches and newspaper articles, which show an amazing ignorance of the way in which our constitutional system was intended to operate, and the way in which it actually does operate. Of course one may intelligently oppose the measure even if he does know these facts; but it may nevertheless be a service to list a few, in question-and-answer form.

1. Does the Constitution give to the Supreme Court the power to declare legislation unconstitutional?

No words in the Constitution explicitly bestow such a power on the Court. It was first exercised by Chief Justice John Marshall in 1803, but the reasoning by which he supported this action was questioned at the time and has been questioned by many authorities since.

2. Does the Constitution fix the size of the Supreme Court?

No. The membership and organization of the Court are explicitly left to Congress by the Constitution.

3. Has the number of Justices on the Supreme Court ever been changed by Congress?

Yes, several times. At the beginning there were only six. At a later date there were as many as ten members. Congress has both enlarged and reduced the membership in the past. This matter has never been a subject of a constitutional amendment; an amendment dealing with it would be superfluous, since the power of Congress to decide the number of members is unquestioned by any legal authority.

4. Have previous Presidents ever criticized the Court or attempted to change its membership?

Yes. Conflicts between President and Court have periodically recurred. Madison suggested that a decision voiding an act of Congress might well be overridden in the same way as a presidential veto. Lincoln in his first inaugural address said: "The candid citizen must confess that if the policy of the government upon vital questions affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court, the instant they are made in ordinary litigation between parties in personal actions, the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having to that extent practically resigned their government into the hands of that eminent tribunal." Grant packed the Court to obtain a favorable decision on a specific piece of legislation. Theodore Roosevelt proposed the recall of judicial decisions by popular vote. These are merely outstanding instances.

5. Have Supreme Court Justices in the past invariably been selected on the basis merely of abstract legal scholarship, without reference to their political and economic views?

No. Both liberal and conservative forces have many times argued for or against a nominee on the basis of his views; the Senate has given earnest consideration to his record in this respect, and Presidents have been similarly careful in selecting those nominated. To pick a judge on the basis of advance knowledge of his attitude on a specific case is rare indeed, but to pick him on the basis of his political philosophy or his previous associations is the rule rather than the exception. A determined effort was made to prevent the confirmation of Mr. Justice Brandeis, when he was nominated by Wilson, by conservatives who disliked his social outlook. Mr. Justice Holmes's views were carefully investigated by Theodore Roosevelt before his appointment. Many controversies have raged about such matters in the Senate, and some nominations have been defeated on these grounds.

6. Is the Supreme Court empowered to rule upon the wisdom of legislation?

No. Accepted legal theory is that it is supposed to have no policy-making or legislative powers whatever. It is supposed to allow all legislation to stand except in such respects as the legislation may be contrary to the Constitution. A Justice who disapproves of a certain law has no right to vote against its constitutionality for that reason. A Justice who approves of a law must nevertheless vote to invalidate it if he is convinced that it is in clear violation of the Constitution. But, according to theory, a Justice should not vote against the constitutionality of a law, unless there is no reasonable doubt that it is unconstitutional.

7. Why, then, all the concern about the views of members of the Court?

Because long experience has taught that a Justice's views of what is wise will often, whether he knows it or not, color his views about what the Constitution permits. The application of the abstract words of the Constitution to concrete cases is not obvious. Authorities—including Supreme Court Justices—often differ among themselves about it. In such a controversial field there is ample room for the rationalization of prejudice. What are we to think of the open-mindedness and impartiality of Supreme Court Justices who decide that there is no reasonable doubt that a certain law violates the Constitution, when three or four of their learned colleagues hold that it is constitutional? Are not the minority capable of reason?

8. Is it true that a constitutional amendment enlarging the powers of Congress would be a more

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fundamental and lasting reform than a change in the personnel of the Court?

This is of course a matter of opinion, but a relevant fact is that the Court has in the past put a great deal of meaning into the Constitution that was not there in the first place; or has taken out meaning that many thought was there. Any written statements must be interpreted in specific cases before they assume concrete meaning. The attitude and caliber of the interpreters is therefore as important as the words to be interpreted. Most of the existing amendments would have been unnecessary if the Constitution had been differently interpreted—interpreted as some authorities thought it could be. We believe that there ought to be both a change in the Court and a change in the Constitution.

9. Is it true that by the process of amendment it is possible to consult the people in a way in which it is impossible to consult them by the President's proposed legislation?

An amendment, in order to take effect, must be passed by a two-thirds vote of Congress and ratified by three-fourths of the states. The usual procedure is to require ratification by a vote of state legislatures. Do state legislatures, many of which are elected on a "rotten-borough" system, represent the people, in issues of this kind, any better than Congress itself, which may pass the law recommended by the President? Can the people register their opinions in any better way in one case than in the other? Of course the amending resolution may call for ratification by state conventions elected specifically for this purpose, as in the case of the prohibition-repeal amendment. Even so, a small minority of the people—those controlling the conventions in one more than one-fourth of the states—can block the amendment.

Picture Papers

THE MARVEL of the age, in publishing circles, is the success of the two new picture magazines, Life and Look. Life, produced by the invariably successful publishers of Time and Fortune, has reached a million subscribers in its first four months, the rapidity of its climb having been handicapped only by the inability of the printers to turn out copies fast enough. Look, whose sponsors are the newspaper-publishing Cowles family of Des Moines, Iowa, has done even better, reaching its million in only three issues. (It is a monthly, and therefore each issue remains on the newsstands four times as long as its competitor.)

The orthodox explanation of the unparalleled strides made by these two new magazines is that America has suddenly gone candid-camera crazy. Everyone, we are told, wants to look at pictures, and most people want to produce them; sales of photographic equipment have suddenly skyrocketed. This is doubtless part of the story, but not all of it. Both Life and Look are enjoying the same sort of success that attended, some years ago, the birth of the picture tabloid newspapers, chief of which is The New York Daily News. Hardly any mental effort is required to look at a picture and to spell out a few lines of accompanying caption, written in primer English. The attractiveness of such periodicals is enhanced if the pictures are themselves sensational, faintly salacious or gruesome.

This is the case with both the new papers, and especially with Look. Its April issue, for example, contains ten photographs of automobile accidents, most of them showing blood-spattered bodies of victims; several pages of photographs of Marlene Dietrich, with emphasis on her justly famous legs; pictures of the human brain at work, of skeletons, skulls, operations, and freaks and monstrosities galore. In short, a combination morgue and dime museum, on paper. We can think of no reason why Look should not go to a circulation of ten millions —if the supply of corpses holds out and people don't get tired of looking at them.

Model League and Model Senate

NEWSPAPER readers last week-end noted to their mild surprise that the League of Nations had moved from Geneva to Cambridge, Massachusetts, and the United States Senate from Washington to Princeton. More careful perusal of the dispatches showed, of course, that what was happening was the annual imitation of these two bodies by groups of students representing colleges and universities in the northeastern quarter of the United States. Such "model sessions" of public deliberative bodies have now been held for some years and have grown increasingly popular not only in the area indicated but in many other parts of the country as well.

In the Model League, each country is represented by one or more students who are notified in advance of their new and temporary nationality. They are supposed to inform themselves fully regarding the international policies of the power whose spokesmen they are, and to vote in accordance with those policies, no matter how much this may go against their own private convictions—a rule that duplicates with startling exactness what often happens at Geneva. In the Model Senate, each student is addressed by the name of one actual member of that august body and the verisimilitude of the replica is marred only partially by the fact that perhaps one-half of the grave and reverend seigniors are sweatered young women. The Model Senate is complete even to a group of lobbyists who are designated in advance to represent various pressure groups, disinterested or selfish.

How well the mirror is held up to nature is shown by the fact that the Model League this year accom-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plished almost nothing. The fascist and the democratic powers were deadlocked from the beginning, and the delegates wound up with the admission that the League is powerless to deal with the forces that have been unleashed in Europe today. The Model Senate, dealing with urgent domestic affairs, had less of the atmosphere of shadow-boxing. It endorsed President Roosevelt's Supreme Court proposal in substantially its present form and adopted neutrality legislation roughly similar to the Pittman Resolution, although it contained a youthfully idealistic bow to the Pact of Paris. It also adopted a federal act for maximum hours and minimum wages which proposes a national standards board to determine a minimum subsistence level for the whole country and regional boards to translate its terms from real to money wages in each locality. It is impossible, of course, to say that the students assembled at Princeton were representative of undergraduate opinion in general, since they were a specially selected group. Even so, the attitude they revealed is another encouraging sign that the undergraduate field of interest is not exclusively bounded by football and swing music.

On the Road to War

IN NOVEMBER, 1936, the British government made proposals to France, Belgium, Germany and Italy for a new compact against aggression, to take the place of the Locarno agreement repudiated by Germany when she occupied the Rhineland. France, as was to be expected, responded favorably to the British suggestion. Belgium announced that in future she will defend herself without asking anyone else for aid. The German and Italian replies have now been sent to London and while neither text has been given out, enough is known of the character of both to justify the comment that they are about as bad as they could be.

The two documents are said to be almost identical, in itself an ominous new demonstration that the fascist powers are working together. What they propose is an agreement among Germany, Belgium and France to be underwritten or guaranteed by Italy and Great Britain. Apparently both these last-named powers would have to agree that an act of aggression had been committed before the provisions of the new treaty would come into effect. The British complain with some justice that if this were the case, Italy would have the final vote and thereby the mastery of Europe. Everyone knows of course that the only act of aggression Europe need seriously fear is one by Germany, in either the East or West.

Most ominous of all is the fact that the German-Italian reply, while repudiating the League of Nations, says nothing about Central or Eastern Europe. If Germany's proposal were accepted, she could go ahead with the seizure of power in Austria, the attack on Czechoslovakia, the war against Soviet Russia, for all of which every well informed observer believes that she is preparing. An attempt by France to come to the aid of the USSR, under the terms of the existing alliance, would presumably be an act of aggression according to the proposed new Locarno, and Germany would then expect Great Britain to join hands with her in attacking France or at the very least, to maintain neutrality. Thus stated, the proposal seems too absurd for serious consideration; but apparently it has not been too absurd for Hitler to put it forward.

The net effect of all this is that the European situation remains as perilously close to the brink of war as it has been for many months. Indeed, the chief element at present making for peace is the fact that the nations are not yet fully armed. British policy, now and for more than a year in the past, is to be explained primarily on the ground that she has lost her dominant naval position and must build a new fleet to regain it. In the meantime, she will consent to practically anything that lessens the danger of immediate war, including the conquest of Ethiopia and the German-Italian attempt to destroy Spain. To say this is not to argue that a strong Britain would have pursued a strong policy in these two situations; there is much open or covert sympathy with fascism among British Tories. It is also a dangerous fallacy to say that a rearmed Britain would automatically be a factor making strongly for peace. Military strength has never prevented war in the world's history. Everything would depend upon the way in which Britain used her power.

The English are fond of saying that if the United States would but reënter European affairs in a decisive way, peace would be preserved. The argument is open to grave question, but in so far as it may be true, it applies with far greater point to Britain herself. If England, France and Soviet Russia, all strongly armed, would present a bold and united front to Germany and Italy, at the same time acting to remedy the worst injustices clamped upon Europe in 1919, there is at least a chance that peace could be preserved. Otherwise, the movement along the road to war must come to the conclusion that now seems so nearly inevitable.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1937, IN THE U. S., BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK.

EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

TREASURER: DANIEL MEBANE

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HAMILTON BASSO H. N. BRAILSFORD LEWIS MUMFORD
JOHN T. FLYNN WALDO FRANK E. C. LINDEMAN
W. P. MANGOLD JOHN DEWEY JON. MITCHELL
REXFORD G. TUGWELL

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Case for the Sit-Down Strike

THE SIT-DOWN strike presents a new problem for government and industrialists. The first reaction was that the sit-down strikers were mere trespassers against whom the equitable remedy of injunction was available. But this quick analysis seems to have been far too simple. As is frequently the case, what seems at first to be a simple situation upon further examination turns out to be one so compactly complex that its difficulties become apparent only after the closest study. Some conservative lawyers have, therefore, been slow, and doubtless will continue to be slow, in concluding the argument against the employees on the surface analysis which was at first brought forward.

The respective interests of employer and employee in their relations with each other have full recognition under the common law, statutes and constitutions of Anglo-American jurisdictions. Within the past century everything affecting their relations has changed completely. The personal master has become an industrial corporation, a conglomerate of thousands of stockholders, bondholders, directors, corporate officials, managers, superintendents and assistants of all sorts. The personal servant has become a labor union, itself a conglomerate of persons and organization almost as far-flung and equally as difficult to visualize as the corporation. The simple handcraft has become the highly coördinated mechanized mass-production processes of industry.

The industrial relation resulting from these changes differs as greatly from the simple relation of master and hired hand as does the modern industrial corporation from the personal master, the labor union from the personal servant, or industrial mechanization from simple handcraft. It is the result of a long, tedious, costly, evolutionary process. And the sit-down strike is but the latest step in the struggle between a large mass of employers operating under an institution known as an industrial corporation and an equally large or larger mass of employees operating or attempting to operate under a somewhat similar institution known as a labor union, to work out their respective rights, duties and privileges in industrial enterprise—enterprise resulting from the joint efforts of what we oversimplify as capital and labor.

The industrial enterprise is not made up merely of land, brick, mortar and machinery on the one hand, and personal services of many individuals on the other. These two great interests of property and personality are both essential to the enterprise, but each alone is meaningless to the industrial world. *It is their joinder that creates the third great interest, the industrial relation upon which industry is based.* It is their joinder that brings into existence this something distinct from its parental forbears as a child is distinct from its parents, or a corporation from its stockholders, a partnership from its members; about which cluster rights, duties, liabilities and immunities not yet clearly articulated in terms of legal theory except as they are recognized as relations equal in dignity and value to those of property or personality.

That this something which has been in the process of development for a century or more has an existence all its own, as much so as the family or the corporation, both of which in like manner are made up of an indefinite number of similar relational interests, is all too clear. And that it—as the family and corporation have come to be by a process of evolution in human affairs—is a usable, workable, recognizable concept, requires no demonstration further than common observation and experience.

The industrial relation in its initial or formative state is the result of a contractual nexus between the two parental organisms of industry—those who supply its property-capital on the one hand and those who supply its service-capital on the other. But as in the case of family, corporate, partnership, carrier, and all other important relations, the slender tie of the initial contract is overgrown by a network of tissue, nerves and tendons, as it were, which gives the relation its significance. The respective rights, duties, privileges and immunities of the parties to the industrial relation are too numerous to recite here, but they are well known.

Both participating groups have contributed heavily to the joint enterprise of industry. The contributions of those who make up the corporate organization on the one hand are visualized in plant, machinery, raw materials and the like. They can be seen, recorded and valued in dollars. We call them property. On the other side are hundreds of personalities who have spent years training their hands and senses to specialized skills; who have set up habitations conveniently located to their work; who have become obligated to families and for the facilities necessary for maintaining them; who have ordered their lives and developed disciplines; all to the end that the properties essential to industry may be operated for the profit of the owner group and for their own livelihoods. Their outlays are not so visible, nor so easily measured in dollars, but in gross they may equal or even exceed the contributions of the other group. Both groups are joint adventurers, as it were, in industrial enterprise. Both have and necessarily must have a voice in the matters of common concern. Both must have protection adequate to their interests as against the world at large as well as against the undue demands of each other.

Disputes have frequently arisen between employers and employees. Normally they have arisen on complaint of employees. In order to give weight to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their demands, concert of effort was the first step. This resulted ultimately in the recognition of the union organization. Then came the strike, the closed shop, the union card, the sympathetic strike, followed by picketing, bombing, boycotts and collective bargaining. These in turn were met in various ways, the lockout, strike-breakers, criminal prosecutions, injunctions, yellow-dog contracts, company unions, espionage and the like. An effective measure on one side has always called for a counter measure on the other. Like the less complex carrier-passenger relation, the relation between insurer and insured, the oil and gas lessor and lessee and every other such relation, the industrial relation has been built slowly but certainly upon the reactions of the parties, the public generally and government to practices which have been employed by the one party and the other.

From such a background has come the sit-down strike. It is a refinement that could only result from years of struggle and bitter experience. Having found the walk-out ineffective and picketing, boycotts, sympathetic strikes and other measures severely restricted by law, unions have used the sit-down strike to avoid the difficulties of them all, to be more effective. Instead of employees severing their relations and thereby automatically placing themselves outside as dissatisfied former employees, they now insist on maintaining their relations while they negotiate about their complaints. Once they sever the relations they become strangers to the enterprise and trespassers if they remain upon the employer's premises, but as employees they stay at their posts ready to work upon condition that the employer shall negotiate with them. Thus they retain their interest in and relation to the common enterprise.

Moreover, they deny the employer the power to discharge them and thereby sever the relations they have with the industry. They insist that by negotiation some basis be reached upon which work of the enterprise may be continued. The right to fire is an incident of the simplest form of contract, that of employment at the will of both parties; it has no place in a relation which is based upon infinitely more than mere contract. A wife cannot fire her husband, a parent his child, a corporate stockholder other stockholders, one partner another member of the firm, an insurer the insured, a carrier its passengers, with impunity. Neither can an employer fire his employees *en masse*. These other relations are at best only analogous, but they give point. All institutions built upon relational interests of the groups concerned must submit to the obligations which have grown up around the particular relation, and if it is to be destroyed it must be done subject to such obligations.

The right to fire is a right to end the relation. Clear enough in the simplest forms of relations, it does not obtain between a group employer on the one hand as against group employees on the other. An industrial corporation cannot fire an industrial union. Industry has grown beyond that stage. To protect himself against incompetence, dishonesty or malicious damage, it is the employer's right to fire the individual employee who refuses to respect his obligations. But used as a means of weakening an organization of employees, or as a means of refusing to negotiate with them about their common enterprise, the right to fire has no place. In the one instance it is used in defense of his interests; in the other it becomes a means to destroy the strength of the employee group and to escape the obligation to negotiate the industrial difference. It is thus that employees may peacefully sit and wait until their complaints are ironed out through negotiations between their representatives and the representatives of the corporate group of owners. They do not operate or do injury to the owner's property. They make no adverse claim of possession to the premises they occupy. They merely occupy them because they are an incident to the industry in which they have an interest. If more were needed they could well claim a license coupled with an interest in the premises devoted to the enterprise. But they sit to negotiate some affair pertinent to their relation to industry.

And this is their right. If so, it is equally their right to protect themselves against attack.

Whither does this right lead? What are its implications? What are its limitations?

Strangely enough, though government has provided means for protecting every other important relation, it has not provided any means to settle the disputes of industrial employer and employee. They are not justiciable matters; the courts afford no remedy to either party. Political and economic, broad and irreducible to legal theory, the courts have left such disputes alone.

Is this then to be an empty right? Does government offer no protection to these interests when assailed by the parties themselves? Is this right a dead end?

Not by a long shot! True it is that government offers nothing affirmatively for the protection of employees' relational interests against the refusal of an employer to negotiate their differences, *but neither does government offer an employer affirmative relief or protection,* in absence of violence or fraud on the part of employees directed against his interests. Employer and employee hold their fates as to their common relations in their own hands. In that fact is found the significance of the sit-down strike. It gives employees a means of forcing negotiation, and such a means without the severance of the relations, without violence or other unlawful conduct.

But suppose negotiation results in failure, what then? Here is the gap that government has not filled and the one it must fill before we go very much farther. No one else can fill the gap. But until it has done so, there is nothing a court can do to adjudicate the issues between industrial employers and industrial employees and it will therefore not intervene in behalf of either party. It will not rob employees of the advantage which falls to them as an incident of their relation. Their presence in the in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dustrial plant so long as they refrain from fraud or violence does not violate their obligations as employees; they are not trespassers; they are still employees with all their relations intact. Nor should a court seek an excuse to take jurisdiction of such a situation on some incidental point and thereby prejudice the main dispute when it has no power to settle it directly. The courts have no part to play in such matters in absence of violence or fraud; they should leave the parties where they are; they have no means of their own to work fair settlements and they should await the action of government through some agency better equipped to deal with such problems.

A court of equity will not act in absence of the invasion of a clear legal right. Even then injunction is a matter of sound discretion. It only became available in labor disputes where violence or its threat or some form of fraud against person or property was said to be involved. When neither is present injunction has no part to play in labor disputes. In the peaceful sit-down strike the only claim as the basis for injunctive relief is the occupation of the industrial plant. But that is only an incident to the industrial relation which the industrial employee enjoys in the employer's property devoted to the enterprise. As long as it is occupied in good faith awaiting the adjustment of differences growing out of the industrial relation, occupation of the plant is not merely a privilege but the employee's right.

And thus it is that the sit-down strike may be the last step in the long, costly, brutal and in many respects unintelligent struggle through which the industrial enterprise with its congeries of relations has evolved. Such is the history of most human institutions. But this struggle should now be over. Having won their recognition as joint adventurers in industry, the industrial relation having assumed so large a place in our social organism, employees should now be willing to submit their complaints, when negotiations have failed, to a duly organized, safeguarded and intelligent government agency so constituted as to have the confidence of employers, employees and the public at large. The implications of such a method of settling disputes cannot be developed here. Both groups would doubtless be equally fearful of such a suggestion, and they will not accept it until they are certain that they are meeting on an equal basis before a public that is wholeheartedly devoted to fair play between them. It is enough to say that such an arrangement would necessitate responsible leadership of the highest type on the part of both groups, and that each group, along with the public, would have everything to gain and nothing to lose. The attitude of English capital, English labor, English public and English government at home and in the commonwealths has definitely pointed the way here.

This in brief is the case for the sit-down strike. It rests upon four fundamental propositions:

1. Employees have an interest in the industrial relation distinct from any property interest or interest of personality. Such interest is a valuable one of the same dignity as that of property and is given the recognition and protection of the courts as property.

2. Disputes between employers and employees with respect to industrial relations involve economic and political questions outside the jurisdictions of the courts; the problems involved are of such great difficulty administratively that courts will not undertake to adjudicate them but will leave them to other agencies of government and to the parties themselves in absence of such agencies.

3. Courts will not prejudice the issues between industrial employers and employees by assuming jurisdiction of issues incidental to the main dispute in absence of physical violence or fraud directed against the persons or property of the parties.

4. Occupation in good faith and peacefully of a plant devoted to industry by employees awaiting the adjustment of differences growing out of the industrial relation is but an incident of the industrial relation and in no sense unlawful. LEON GREEN.

Requiem for the Dead in Spain

The great geometrical winter constellations
Lift up over the Sierra Nevada,
I walk under the stars, my feet on the known round earth,
My eyes following the lights of an airplane,
Red and green, growling deep into the Hyades.
The note of the engine rises, shrill, faint,
Finally inaudible, and the lights go out
In the southwest haze beneath the feet of Orion.

As the sound departs I am chilled and grow sick
With the thought that has come over me. I see Spain
Under the black windy sky, the snow stirring faintly,
Glittering and moving over the pallid upland,
And men waiting, clutched with cold and huddled together,
As an unknown plane goes over them. It flies southwest
Into the haze above the lines of the enemy,
Sparks appear near the horizon under it.
After they have gone out the earth quivers
And the sound comes faintly. The men relax for a moment
And grow tense again as their own thoughts return.

I see the unwritten books, the unrecorded experiments
The unpainted pictures, the interrupted lives,
Lowered into the graves with the red flags over them.
I see the quick gray brains broken and clotted with blood,
Lowered each in its own darkness, useless in the earth.
Alone on a hilltop in San Francisco suddenly
I am caught in a nightmare, the dead flesh
Mounting over half the world presses against me.

Then quietly at first and then rich and full bodied,
I hear the voice of a young woman singing.
The emigrants on the corner are holding
A wake for their oldest child, a driverless truck
Broke away on the steep street and killed him,
Voice after voice adds itself to the singing.
Orion moves westward across the meridian,
Rigel, Bellatrix, Betelgeuse, marching in order,
The great nebula glimmering in his loins.

KENNETH REXROTH.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I Have a Thing to Tell You: III

(Nun Will Ich Ihnen 'Was Sagen)

IT IS astonishing how short a time it takes to get acquainted on a journey. As we made our way a second time along the corridors of the speeding train I reflected that already Stefanowski and I were as accustomed to each other as if we had been friends for many years. As to the new-found friends in our compartment, we were delighted with them all. In the most extraordinary way, and in the space of fifteen minutes' time, we seemed to have entered into the lives of all these people and they in ours. Now we were not only immensely interested in the information they had given us about themselves: we were as warmly, eagerly concerned with the problems that confronted them as if their troubles were our own.

During a long and sumptuous meal—a meal that began with brandy, proceeded over a fine bottle of Bernkasteler and wound up over coffee and more brandy and a good cigar, a meal on which we were both exuberantly determined to spend the remainder of our German money, we discussed our companions again. The little woman, we agreed, was charming. And the young man, although diffident and shy, was very nice. We even had a word of praise for Fuss-And-Fidget now. After we had cracked his crusty shell the old codger was not bad. He really was quite friendly underneath.

"And it does show," said Stefanowski quietly, "how good people really are, how easy it is to get along with one another in this world, how people really like each other—if only—"

"—if only—" I said, and nodded.

"These damned politicians," Stefanowski said.

At length we called for our bill and paid it. Stefanowski dumped his marks upon the table, counted them: "You'll have to help me out," he said. "How many have you got?"

I dumped mine out. We had enough to pay the bill, to give the waiter something extra. And there was enough left over for a double jolt of brandy and a good cigar.

So, grinning with satisfaction, in which our waiter joined amiably as he read our purpose, we paid the bill, ordered the brandy and cigars, and, full of food, of drink, and of the pleasant knowledge of a job well done, we puffed contentedly on our cigars.

We were now running through the great industrial region of western Germany. The pleasant landscape had been darkened by the grime and smoke of enormous works. Now it was grim with the skeletons of enormous smelting and refining plants, disfigured with great heaps of slag, with mountainous dumps. It was a new portion of the land, one of the few I had not seen before. It was brutal, smoky, dense with life, the grimy warrens of industrial towns. But it had the brutal fascination of these places too, the thrilling power of raw, enormous works.

Stefanowski informed me that we were already almost at the border and that, since our own coach went directly through to Paris, we should have no additional need of money for porter's fees.

This made us remember the difficulties of our fellow travelers, who were Germans. We agreed that the existing law which permitted native citizens to take only ten marks from the country was, for people in the business circumstances of our little blonde companion and old Fuss-And-Fidget, a very trying one.

At this moment Stefanowski had a brilliant inspiration, the result of his own generous impulse. "But why," he said, "why can't we help them?"

"How? In what way can we help them?"

"Why," he said, "I have here a permit that allows me to take twenty-three marks out of the country. You have no permit, but everyone is allowed—"

"To take ten marks," I said and nodded. "So you mean then," I concluded, "that since each of us has spent his German money—"

"But can still take as much as is allowed out of the country—yes," he said. "So we could suggest it to them—" he went on.

"—that they give us some of their marks to keep, you mean?"

He nodded. "Yes. It is not much, of course. But it might help."

No sooner said than seized upon. We were almost jubilantly elated at this opportunity of doing some slight service for these people to whom we had taken such a liking. At this moment, even while we were smiling confirmation at each other, a man in uniform came through the car, paused at our table—which was the only one that was now occupied—and quietly but authoritatively informed us that the Pass-Control had come upon the train and that we must return at once to our compartment to await examination. We rose, knowing now we had no time to lose, hastened back along the coaches of the swaying train, entered our compartment again and immediately told our fellows that the inspection would soon begin and that the officials were on the train.

There was a flurry of excitement. Everyone began to get ready. The blonde lady took out her purse and passport and with a worried look began to count her money. Stefanowski watched her quietly for a moment and then, taking out his own certificate and showing it, remarked that he was officially allowed possession of the sum of twenty-three marks, that he had had the sum in his possession,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but now had spent it. I took this as my cue and remarked that I too had spent the ten marks that the law allowed me.

Our little blonde companion looked eagerly at both of us and read the friendship of our meaning.

"Then you mean?" she said, and gleefully—"but it would be wonderful, of course, if you would!"

"Have you as much as twenty-three marks?" said Stefanowski.

"Yes," she nodded quickly, with a worried look, "I have more than that. But if you would take the twenty-three and keep them until we are past the frontier—"

He stretched out his hand. "Give them to me," he said quietly. The transfer was completed, the money in his pocket, in the wink of an eye.

In another moment Fuss-And-Fidget had taken ten marks from his pocket and without a word passed them across to me. I thrust the money in my pocket, and we all sat back, a little flushed, excited but triumphant, trying to look composed.

A few minutes later an official opened the compartment door, saluted and asked for our passports. He inspected Stefanowski's first, found everything in order, took his certificate, saw his twenty-three marks, stamped the passport and returned it to him.

Then he turned to me. I gave him my passport and the various papers certifying my possession of American currency. He thumbed through the pages of the passport, which were now almost completely covered with stamps and entries, and finally smiled quite kindly, and returned my passport to me. Then he inspected the passports of the little blonde lady, her companion and Fuss-And-Fidget. Everything, apparently, was in order, save that the lady had confessed to the possession of more than twenty marks, and the official regretfully informed her that he must take from her anything in excess of ten. It would be held at the frontier and restored to her, of course, when she returned. She smiled ruefully, shrugged her shoulders, and gave the man twelve marks. All other matters were evidently now in order, for the man saluted and withdrew.

So it was over then! We all drew a deep breath of relief, and commiserated our charming lady friend upon her loss. But I think we were all quietly jubilant, too, to know her loss had been no greater, that we had been able in some degree to lessen it. I asked Fuss-And-Fidget if I should return his money now or later on. He told me to wait until we had crossed the frontier into Belgium. At the same time, he made some casual explanation, to which none of us paid any serious attention at the time, to the effect that his ticket was good only to the frontier, and that he would utilize the fifteen minutes of our wait at Aachen, the frontier town, to buy a ticket for the remainder of the trip to Paris.

We were now, in fact, approaching Aachen. The train was slackening speed. We were going through a pleasant countryside, a smiling landscape of green fields and gentle hills, unobtrusively, mildly, somehow unmistakably European. The seared and blasted districts of the mines and factories were behind us. We were entering the outskirts of a pleasant town.

This was Aachen. In another moment the train was slowing to a halt before the station. We had reached the frontier. There was to be a wait of fifteen minutes and a change of engines. All of us got out—Fuss-And-Fidget to get a ticket, the others to stretch their legs and get a breath of air.

My Polish friend and I got out and walked forward along the platform to inspect the locomotive. The German locomotive which would here be supplanted by its Belgian successor was a magnificent machine, almost as big as one of the great American engines. The evidence of high velocity was legible in every line of it. What was most remarkable was the tender, a wonderful affair, the whole of which seemed to be a honeycomb of jetting pipes. One looked in through some slanting bars and saw a fountain-like display, composed of thousands of tiny little jets of steaming water. It was a marvelous machine, which bore in every line the evidence of the tremendous engineering talent that had created it.

Knowing how vivid, swift and fugitive are those poignant first impressions that come at the moment when we change from one country to another, I waited with an almost feverish interest for the approach of the Belgian locomotive. I knew in advance it would not be so good as the German one because the energy, the intelligence, the strength and the integrity which produced it were inferior, but I was eagerly sensitized to observe the exact degree and quality of these differences between the powerful, solid and indomitable race that I was leaving and the little people I would now encounter.

Presently we walked back along the platform, found our little blonde-haired lady and, flanking her on either side, began to stroll up and down beside the train. At length, observing the station clock and seeing that the moment scheduled for departure had already come, we moved quickly back towards our own coach and our own compartment.

As we approached it was evident that something had happened. There were no signs of departure. The conductor and the station guard stood together on the platform. No warning signal had been given. And, moreover, there was now evident a kind of subdued tension, a sense of crisis that made my pulse beat quicker as I approached.

I have often observed this phenomenon in life, its manifestations under certain conditions are nearly always identical. A man has leaped or fallen, for example, from a high building to the pavement of a city street. Or a man has been shot, or beaten. He has been struck by a motor car; or again, a man is dying quietly on the street before the eyes of other men. But always, the manifestation of the crowd is just the same. Even before you see the faces of the people, when you see their backs, their posture, the position of the head and shoulders, you know what has happened.

You do not know, of course, the precise circum-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stance, but what you sense immediately is the final stage of tragedy. You know that someone has just died or is dying, and in the terrible eloquence of backs and shoulders, the *feeding* silence of the watching men, you sense a tragedy that is even deeper. It is the tragedy of man's cruelty and his lust for pain, the tragic weakness that corrupts him, that he loathes but that he cannot cure.

And always, the manifestation of this tragedy is just the same. Even before one arrives one knows from this silent eloquence of shoulders, backs and heads that something ruinous and horrible has happened. I knew the signs too well. And now, as I hastened along beside the train and saw the people gathered in the corridor in that same feeding posture, waiting, watching, in that deadly fascinated silence, I was sure that once again in life I was about to witness death.

That was the first thing that came to me—and I believe to all of us—that someone had died. And what stunned us, what stopped us short, appalled, was that death had come to our compartment. The shades were tightly drawn, the door closed, the whole place sealed impenetrably. We had started to get on the train when this thing burst upon us. And now we saw our lady's young companion standing at the window in the corridor. He motioned quickly to us, a gesture warning us to remain where we were. And as he did it flashed over all of us that the subject of this tragic visitation was the nervous little man who had been the companion of our voyage since morning.

The stillness of the scene, the shuttered blankness of that closed compartment, were horrible. Even as we stared, appalled and horror-stricken, at that fatal curtained closet, which had so short a time ago housed the lives of all of us, and which had now become the tenement of death, the curtained door of the compartment was opened and closed quickly, and a man came out.

He was an official, a burly-looking fellow, with a visored cap, a jacket of olive green. He was a man of forty-five or more, a Germanic type with high blunt cheekbones, a florid face and tawny mustaches, combed out sprouting, in the Kaiser Wilhelm way. His head was shaven, and there were thick creases at the base of the skull and across his fleshy neck. He came out, climbed down clumsily to the platform, signaled excitedly to another officer and climbed back into the train again.

It was a familiar type, one that I had seen and smiled at often, but one that now became, under these ominous circumstances, sinisterly unpleasant. Even the man's physical weight and clumsiness, the awkward way he got down from the train, the awkward way he climbed up again, the thickness of his waist, the unpleasant width and coarseness of his clumsy buttocks, the way his sprouting mustaches seemed to quiver with passion and authority, the sound of his guttural voice, raised coarsely, somewhat phlegmily, as he shouted to his fellow officer, the sense that he was fairly panting with an inflamed authority—all these symptoms had now become, under the ominous prescience of the moment, loathsome, sinister, repellent.

All of a sudden, without knowing why, I felt myself trembling with a murderous and incomprehensible anger. I wanted to smash that fat neck with the creases in it. I wanted to pound that inflamed and blunted face into a jelly. I wanted to kick square and hard, bury my foot, dead center in the obscene fleshiness of those clumsy buttocks. And I knew that I was helpless, that all of us were. Like all Americans, I had never liked the police or the kind of personal authority that it sanctifies. But this feeling, this intensity, with its murderously helpless rage, was different. I felt impotent, shackled, unable to stir against the walls of an obscene but unshakable authority.

The official with the sprouting mustaches, accompanied now by his colleagues, opened the curtained doors of the compartment again, and now I saw that they were not alone. Two other officials were in the compartment and our nervous little companion—no, he was not dead!—he sat there *huddled,* facing them. He sat looking up at them as they bent over him. His face was white and pasty. It looked greasy, as if it were covered with a salve of cold fat sweat. Under his long nose his mouth was trembling in a horrible attempt at a smile. In the very posture of the men as they bent over him there was something revolting and unclean.

But the official with the thick creased neck had now filled the door and blotted out the picture. He went in followed by a smaller colleague, the door was closed again behind him, and again there was that vicious and ill omened secrecy.

All of this had happened in a moment while we had looked on with stupefied surprise. Now the people gathered in the corridor began to whisper to one another. In a moment our little blonde lady went over, whispered to the young man at the window and then came back, took Stefanowski and myself by the arm and led us away, out of hearing.

Then, as both of us whispered "What is it?" she looked around cautiously again and said with lowered voice: "That man—the one in our compartment—was trying to get out of the country and they've caught him."

"But why?—What for?—What has he done?" we asked, bewildered.

Again she glanced back cautiously and then, drawing us toward her till our three heads were almost touching, she said, in an awed and almost frightened tone, "They say he is a Jew. They searched his baggage—he was taking money out."

"How much?" said Stefanowski.

"I don't know," she whispered. "A great deal, I think. Several thousand marks. They found it."

"But how—" I began. "I thought everything was finished. I thought they were done with all of us when they went through the train."

"Yes," she said, "but don't you remember he said something about not having a ticket the whole

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

way. He got off the train to get one. And I think that's when they caught him," she whispered. "I think they had their eye on him. That's why they did not question him when they came through the train"—as indeed, I now remembered, "they" had not—"And they caught him here," she went on. "They asked him where he was going and he said to Paris. They asked him how much money he was taking out; he said ten marks. Then they asked him how long he was going to remain in Paris, and for what purpose, and he said he was going to be there for a week and that he was attending this congress of lawyers that he spoke about. They asked him then how he proposed to stay in Paris for a week and attend this congress if all he had was ten marks. And I think," she whispered, "he got frightened then. He began to lose his head. He said he had forgotten, that he had twenty marks besides, which he had put into another pocket. And then, of course, they had him. They searched him. They searched his baggage, and they found more," she whispered in an awed tone. "Much, much more."

For a moment we all stared at one another, too stunned to say a word. Then the little woman laughed in a low, almost frightened, sort of way, a little uncertain "o-hoh-hoh-hoh-hoh" ending on a note of incredulity.

"This man," she whispered again, "this little Jew—"

"I didn't know he was a Jew," I said, "I should not have thought so."

"But he is," she whispered, and looked stealthily around again to see if we were being overheard. "And he was doing what so many of the others have done—he was trying to get out with his money." And again she laughed, the uncertain little hoh-hoh-hoh that mounted on a note of incredulous amazement. And yet, I saw, her eyes were troubled, too.

All of a sudden I felt sick, empty, nauseated. That money, those accursed ten marks, were beginning to burn a hole in my pocket. I put my hand into my vest pocket and the coins felt greasy, as if they were covered with sweat. I took them out and closed them in my fist and started to cross the platform toward the train.

The woman seized me by the arm. "Where are you going?" she gasped. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to give that man his money. I can't keep it now."

Her face went white. "Are you mad?" she whispered. "Don't you know that that will do no good? You'll only get yourself arrested and, as for him—he's in trouble enough already. You'll only make it so much worse for him. And besides," she faltered, as the full consequences came to her, "God knows what he has done, what he has said already. If he has told that we have transferred money to one another—we may all be in for it!"

We had not thought of this. But now we did. And as we saw the possible consequence of our act we just stood there and stared helplessly at one another. We just stood there, three abreast, feeling dazed and weak and hollow. We just stood there and prayed.

And now they were coming out of the compartment. The fellow with the sprouting mustache came out first, carrying the little man's valise. He looked around. It seemed to me he glared at us. We just stood still and prayed. We expected now to see all of our baggage come out. We thought that we were in for it.

But in a moment the other three officials came out of the compartment, with the little man between them. They marched him right along the platform, white as a sheet, greasy looking, protesting volubly, in a voice that had a kind of anguished lilt. He came right by us. I made a movement with my arms. The greasy money sweated in my hand and I did not know what to do. I started to speak to him. And at the same time I was praying that he would not speak. I tried to look away from him, but I could not look away. He came toward us, still protesting volubly that everything could be explained, that all of it was an absurd mistake. And just for a moment as he passed us, he stopped talking, glanced at us, white-faced, smiling pitiably, his eyes rested on us for a moment, and then, without a sign of further recognition, he went on by.

I heard the little blonde woman at my side sigh faintly and I felt her body slump against me. We all felt pretty weak and hollow. In a moment we went on across the platform and got up into the train. The evil tension had been snapped. People were now talking feverishly, still in a low tone but with obvious released excitement. Our little blonde companion leaned from the window of the corridor and spoke to the fellow with the sprouting mustache who was still standing there. "Are—are you going to keep him here?" she said in a low tone. "You're not going to let him go?"

He looked at her stolidly for a moment. Then an intolerable smile broke deliberately across his brutal features. He nodded his head, slowly, with the finality of a gluttonous satisfaction: *"Nein,"* he said, *"Er bleibt."* And, shaking his heavy head ever so slightly from side to side, *"Geht nicht!"*

They had him. Far down the platform we heard the sudden fifing shrill of the engine whistle. The guard cried warning; all up and down the platform doors were slammed. Slowly the train moved from the station. We rolled right past him, very slowly. They had him. They surrounded him. He stood among them, protesting volubly, talking with his hands now, insisting all could be explained. And they said nothing. They had him. They just stood and watched him, each with the faint suggestion of that intolerable slow smile upon his face. They raised their eyes, unspeaking, looked at us as we rolled past, with the obscene communication of their glance and of their smile.

And he—he too paused once from his voluble and feverish discourse as we passed him. He lifted his eyes to us, his pasty face, and he was silent for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a moment. And we looked at him for the last time, and he at us—this time, more direct and steadfastly. And in that glance there was all the silence of man's mortal anguish. And we were all somehow naked and ashamed, and somehow guilty. We all felt somehow that we were saying farewell, not to a man but to humanity; not to some nameless little cipher out of life, but to the fading image of a brother's face. We lost him then. The train swept out and gathered speed—and so farewell.

I turned and looked at Stefanowski. He, too, was silent for a moment. Then he spoke.

"Well, then," he said, "I think that this is a sad ending to our trip."

And we? We went back in and took our former seats in our compartment. But it seemed strange and empty now. The ghost of absence sat there ruinously. He had left his coat and hat; in his anguish he had forgotten them. Stefanowski rose and took them, and would have given them to the conductor. But the woman said: "You'd better look into the pockets first. Perhaps there's something in them. Perhaps"—quickly, eagerly, as the idea took her—"perhaps he has left money there."

Stefanowski searched the pockets. There was nothing there. He shook his head. The woman began to search the cushions of the seats, thrusting her hands down around the sides. "It might just be, you know," she said, "that he hid money here." She laughed excitedly, almost gleefully. "Perhaps we'll all be rich."

The young Pole shook his head. "I think they would have found it if he had," he said—and here he paused suddenly, peered out the window, and thrust his hand into his pocket, "I suppose we're in Belgium now. Here's your money." And he returned to her the money she had given him.

She took it and put it in her purse. I still had the ten marks in my hand and was looking at them. The woman looked up, saw my face, then said quickly, warmly, "But you're upset about this thing! You look so troubled."

I put the money back and in a moment said: *"Ich fühle gerade als ob ich Blutgeld in meiner Tasche hätte."*

She leaned over, smiling, and put her hand reassuringly upon my arm: *"Nein. Nicht* Blut*geld*—Jud*geld!"* she whispered. "Don't worry about it. He had plenty more!"

My eyes met those of Stefanowski for a moment and his too were grave. "This is a sad ending to our trip," he said again.

And she—our little blonde companion—she tried to laugh and joke, but her eyes were also full of trouble. She tried to talk us out of it, to talk herself into forgetfulness.

"These Jews!" she cried. "These things would never happen if it were not for them! They make all the trouble. Germany has had to protect herself. The Jews were taking all the money from the country—thousands of them escaped, taking millions of marks with them. And now, when it is too late, we wake up to it! It is too bad that foreigners must see these things, that they've got to go through these painful experiences—it makes a bad impression. They do not understand the reason. But it is the Jews!" she whispered.

We said nothing and the woman went on talking, eagerly, excitedly, earnestly, persuasively, but really as if she were trying to convince herself, as if every instinct of race and loyalty was now being used in an effort to justify something that had filled her with a sense of shame and sorrow. But even as she talked her clear blue eyes were full of trouble. And at length she stopped. There was silence for a moment. Then gravely, quietly, the woman said: "He must have wanted very badly to escape."

We remembered then all he had said and done throughout the journey. And now every act and gesture, every word became invested with a new and terrible meaning. We recalled how nervous he had been, how he kept opening and shutting the door, kept getting up to pace up and down along the corridor. We recalled how he kept peering around at us suspiciously, how eagerly he had asked Stefanowski if he would change places with him when the Pole had got up to go into the dining-car with me. We recalled his explanations about having to buy passage from the frontier to Paris, the explanations he had given to the conductor. And all these things, which at the time we had dismissed as irascible ill temper or trivial explanation, now were revealed in a sequence of terrible significance.

"But the ten marks!" the woman cried at length. "In God's name, since he had all this other money, why did he give ten marks to you? It is so stupid!"

And we could find no reason, except that he had done it because he thought it might alleviate any suspicion in our minds about his true intent; or, what was even likelier, I thought, that he was in such an inner state of nervous frenzy that he had acted blindly, wildly, on the impulse of the moment.

We did not know. We never would find out the answer now. We discussed the money he had given me. The young Pole remarked that I had given the man my name and my address and that if he was later on allowed to complete his journey, he could write to me. But we all knew I would never hear from him again.

Late afternoon had come. The country had closed in, the train was winding through a pleasant, romantic landscape of hills and woods. There was a sense of forest dusk, cool darkling waters, the slant of evening and the wane of light. We knew somehow that we had entered another land. Our little blonde companion peered anxiously out the window and then asked if we were really now in Belgium. The conductor assured us that we were. We gave the man our late companion's hat and coat and explained the reason for them. He nodded, took them, and departed.

The woman had her hand upon her breast, and now when the man had gone I heard her sigh slowly with relief.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In a moment she said quietly and simply: "Do not misunderstand. I am a German and I love my country. But—I feel as if a weight has lifted from me *here*"—she put her hand upon her breast again. "You cannot understand perhaps just how it feels to us but—" and for a moment she was silent as if painfully meditating what she wished to say. Then quickly, quietly: "We are so happy to be—*out!*"

Out? I too was "out." And suddenly I knew just how she felt. I too was "out," who was a stranger to her land, who never yet had been a stranger in it. I too was "out" of that great land whose image had been engraved upon my spirit in my childhood and my youth, before I had ever seen it. I too was "out" from that land which had been so much more to me than land, which had been for me so much more than place. It was a geography of heart's desire. It was a soul's dark wonder, the haunting beauty of the magic land. It had been burning there forever, like the dark Helen burning in man's blood. And now, like the dark Helen, it was lost to me. I had spoken the language of its spirit before I ever came to it. I had spoken the accents of its speech most brokenly from the hour when I first entered it, yet never with a moment's strangeness. I had been at home in it and it in me. It seemed I had been born in it and it in me. I had known wonder in it, truth and magic in it, sorrow, loneliness and pain in it. I had known love in it, and for the first time in my life I had tasted there the bright delusive sacraments of fame.

Therefore, it was no foreign land to me. It was the other half of my heart's home. It was the dark lost Helen I had found, it was the dark found Helen I had lost—and now I knew, as I had never known before, the countless measure of my loss—the countless measure of my gain—the way that now would be forever closed to me—the way of exile and of no return—and another way that I had found. For I knew that I was "out." And that I had now found my way.

To that old master, now, to wizard Faust, old father of the ancient and swarm-haunted mind of man, to that old German land with all the measure of its truth, its glory, beauty, magic and its ruin—to that dark land, to that old ancient earth that I had loved so long—I said farewell.

I have a thing to tell you:

Something has spoken to me in the night, burning the tapers of the waning year; something has spoken in the night; and told me I shall die, I know not where. Losing the earth we know for greater knowing, losing the life we have for greater life, and leaving friends we loved for greater loving, men find a land more kind than home, more large than earth.

Whereon the pillars of this earth are founded, toward which the spirits of the nations draw, toward which the conscience of the world is tending—a wind is rising, and the rivers flow.

THOMAS WOLFE.

THE END

Pardon Me!

A YOUNG friend wrote to me from Harvard the other day saying, "Do you know an old codger named XYZ?" I did know the old codger, who was just my own age, and by a logical inference worthy of the French I then knew that to some other young man I am myself already an old codger.

Well, this fact is a fact. Arnold Bennett at sixty used to say that inside he felt just the way he always used to, but such blitheness about age is unintelligible to me. Vigorous as Bennett was, the young had already begun to elbow him aside. To disparage him became a matter of course. But even if this natural enmity of the kitten for the cat had not come into play, the man himself must surely have felt the kitten expire in him. Good lord, I can now sit silent in company for hours on end, a feat physically impossible for me during forty social years. I no longer rush for the tassel of prejudice or the ball of argument. The kitten dies in me, and I condense my mood, and blink warily at the young.

But my claws have not fallen out, and as an old tom-cat I wish to point out to the rising literary generation that we who are about to be superannuated must not be spat at too sharply. Every fifteen years or so a new literary generation feels itself, or thinks itself, in possession of the True Truth, and its first impulse is to describe its model-T predecessors in such a way that the burial service is the only service to render them. But doddering as we are in the fifties, we should refuse to be bounced into the grave without a snarl.

It is Mr. Peter Monro Jack in a recent number of The New Republic who stirs me up. He has gone back to what he calls the James Branch Cabell period, and his aim is to show the literary illusions that were blinding the early twenties. He believes, and he states without any qualification, that in the early 1920's we all broke into raptures about "Jurgen," "Erik Dorn," "Jennifer Lorn," "Peter Whiffle." It was the new freedom, the new morality, the new sophistication, the new disillusion, and his case is that we then asserted that *civilization* had come to the American novel with "Jurgen," and a little later with "Erik Dorn," etc. But was it civilization? It was, in his opinion, all a "holiday from life," dainty snobbism, gross snobbery, cynicism, escape. He shows up the Cabell period, and the terrible fate in store for it. "Miss Wylie is dead, Mr. Cabell has shortened his name and aim, Mr. Hergesheimer is almost forgotten and Mr. Hecht is with the movies, where he so admirably belongs."

This sounds effective, until some one of us who was alive and active in the remote 1920's, asks himself whether the world was, in reality, so benighted as Mr. Jack assumes.

Now, there is not a single thing that Mr. Jack sets forth in his Revaluation that was not set forth fifteen years ago in these very columns, with one exception. There was not the faintest suspicion of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the rapture Mr. Jack speaks of. There was no illusion. The idea that 1921 was benighted, and is now enlightened, depends entirely on comparing the sentimentalists and rhapsodists of that period with the sober critics of this, and on ignoring every atom of evidence which is to be found in The New Republic's files.

It is now clear to Mr. Jack that Cabell was "escaping from life." But that is precisely the heading that Maxwell Anderson gave his review of "Beyond Life" in 1919. "This unsoundness of Mr. Cabell as a critic of literature is only the corollary of his fundamental fallacy as a critic of life." That wasn't putting a tooth in it, and the Revaluation adds nothing to it except unction.

"Erik Dorn," Mr. Jack says, tried the experiment of living beyond life, "refusing all possible value and meaning to experience." "Completely disillusioned, completely skeptical, dreams to him are as idle as life: nothing is of any avail."

I concur. But I concurred to the same effect in the week that "Erik Dorn" burst on our vision. It is amusing to go back to these early reviews and see that our rapture was so acid and our laurels so limp.

As for Joseph Hergesheimer, we then perceived him as plainly as Mr. Jack now perceives him. Perhaps we were not quite so magistral about any of the condemned as Mr. Jack is, but that they were guilty up to the neck we asserted. We followed Mr. Hergesheimer from Pennsylvania to Havana, and told him that he must "learn to laugh"—laugh at himself, that is, in his role as a "sound young American decadent." And there was complete candor about such novels as "Linda Condon."

Where we differed from the Revaluation in 1921 was in regard to H. L. Mencken. According to Mr. Jack, his was an "alien ethics and esthetics." Now, I am not Aryan enough to know what "alien" means as applied to Mencken. Superficial critics followed him, when he sought to put over Cabell and Hergesheimer, but if they were rapturous in 1921 about Cabell, Hergesheimer, Hecht and Miss Wylie, they are equally rapturous today about something just as flashy. The problem presented by Mencken in 1921 was the contradiction between his militant idealism and his perverse esthetic. Yet then he did not seem "alien." On the contrary, "Mencken is thoroughly American and thoroughly Puritan . . . the civilized consciousness of modern America, its learning, its intelligence and its taste, realizing the grossness of its manners and mind and crying out in horror and chagrin." So Edmund Wilson in 1921, if you look at the files.

But why look at the files? It is much more fun to say "Criticism—Old Style" and give it a swift kick, than to see what the predecessors saw and said. So, after all, do not go back to the files. Let us pretend that Ben Hecht was our idol in 1921, before the True Truth emerged. That gives the kitten the warm place on the hearth, where he can purr with some satisfaction.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

Washington Notes

The FTC Reports on Food Prices—A Program for the Government—Planters' Coöperatives Find Favor

A FEW days ago, the Federal Trade Commission finished a two-year investigation into food prices. In its report, it takes the first good poke at food distributors and processors since the New Deal began. It names aloud corporations holding monopolistic positions in their respective trades, among them General Mills, Armour and Company, National Biscuit Company, National Dairy Products and Borden. It says it has under consideration proceedings against the United States Tobacco Company, the American Snuff Company and the George W. Helme Company. It describes the potato trade as largely a racket, and promises "appropriate corrective action." It pledges further investigation into alleged price manipulation by the important Wisconsin Cheese Exchange.

These are details, however. The report marches straight at the central problems of the middleman, of low prices for the farmer and high prices for the consumer. It presents a long series of recommendations that, taken together, form a farm program with a wholly different emphasis from that being pursued by the Department of Agriculture. It contains nothing about benefit checks, but a great deal about honest prices. Briefly put, the FTC suggests a system of government-controlled markets, widely distributed over the country, and paralleled by a system of farmers' coöperatives. Along with this, it wants the government to receive stricter powers of supervision over the great processing monopolies.

The FTC's investigation has a history behind it. The plan for the investigation originated in the AAA, back in the winter of 1933-34. Mr. Jerome N. Frank, general counsel of the AAA, and Dr. Frederic C. Howe, the Consumers' Counsel, were then hot on the trail of the big agricultural middlemen, and they found they had to fight their way, inch by inch, against the opposition of Mr. George N. Peek, the AAA administrator, and his assistant, Mr. Chester C. Davis. The issue broke over Mr. Frank's demand to examine the books of the Chicago packers. Mr. Peek sided with the packers, or at least did nothing to support Mr. Frank, and the books were not obtained. Then, to outwit Mr. Peek, the radicals of the AAA composed a resolution instructing the FTC to make the investigation they wanted, and persuaded Mr. Burton K. Wheeler to have it approved by the Senate.

Mr. Frank, Mr. Peek and Mr. Davis have all long since departed from the AAA; Dr. Howe is no longer Consumers' Counsel. Senator Wheeler, instead of being a New Deal lieutenant, heads the fight against Mr. Roosevelt's Supreme Court program. And what seems to be an equal change has taken place in the AAA itself. With the FTC's report finally completed, no AAA official has raised a cheer, or given it as much as a public bow.

The FTC wants honest markets. As we know, it is still possible to have a squeeze and rocketing prices on the Chicago Board of Trade at the same moment that farmers are vainly trying to sell their grain. Under Board of Trade rules, short speculators can cover contracts only with grain

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stored in approved elevators, which are concentrated in Chicago and usually operated in behalf of favored clients. Because the full supply does not meet the full demand in the market, the farmer gets less than he should, and the consumer pays more.

This is, of course, no new complaint. But the FTC now proposes that the government do something about it. It wants elevators established, not merely in a few centers, but wherever sufficient grain is raised to warrant it. It also wants these elevators to be operated under federal license, with the licenses to be revoked upon proof that a farmer has been discriminated against. If this is not sufficient, it proposes the creation of a public authority to operate the whole elevator capacity of the country. In its report, the FTC next asks itself whether similar government-controlled warehousing systems could not be established for all agricultural commodities.

The FTC's report does not elaborate on the close connection between government-controlled markets and the system of farmers' coöperatives that it also recommends. But experts have long felt that such markets would be the strongest possible prop to a coöperative development. Most coöperatives fail through the incompetence or dishonesty of their managers, which nearly always means that the managers have been hoodwinked or corrupted by the middlemen with whom they have had to deal.

The FTC does, however, point pridefully to the planters' coöperatives in the cotton trade, where warehousing under federal license has been firmly established. About ten percent of all cotton is now presented to the market by coöperatives. The function of a coöperative, the FTC says, is to classify and assemble cotton in merchandizable quantities, "thus enabling its members to sell their cotton on the basis of actual grade and staple, rather than to sell it without classing or on the unfavorable classing of the country buyer." And again: "Moreover, the financial strength of the coöperative makes possible the orderly marketing of crops and more favorable prices for its members." The coöperative, without cheating the farmer, takes his product directly from the farm; the market—government-licensed or government-owned—which likewise does not cheat him, takes the product from the coöperative and presents it to the buyer. Through these two mechanisms, the farmer has a chance at an honest price for what he sells. At least in theory, government markets should also encourage consumers' coöperatives, for they need a free bargaining place quite as much as farmers' coöperatives do.

As things stand now, however, the buyers in market are not consumers' groups, but the packers, the millers, the canners, the giant cigarette companies and the chain stores. Even if the government should stand astride the market, there would be an immense disparity of bargaining power between the big food-processing companies and the farmer. The FTC urgently recommends a strengthening of the Clayton act, and an increase of its authority to serve as policeman. This is the weakest part of its report. Probably no government agency, with any authority that is likely to be given it, can successfully police from the outside corporations of vast economic and political power.

In each of his recent speeches, Mr. Roosevelt has been at pains to point out that one-third of the country, besides being ill clad and ill housed, is also ill nourished. The line now being taken by Secretary Wallace is that industry must pay its workers more, rather than that food prices should be disturbed. Wages should indeed be raised, but the ill nourishment of urban workers will not be ended if the middleman and processor, in full control of agricultural markets, are able to run up the price of food as fast as wages increase. The last full-dress report of the FTC was that covering the electric-power industry; it helped to precipitate a great social and economic crusade. The present report on food distribution is no less important.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

France and America—The Chance for Railroad Reform—War Orders and the Boom—Mr. Radek and Mr. Frey

IT IS not always easy to follow financial advisers who are also political agitators. It is not long ago that gentlemen in Wall Street were warning us that the rising debt load of America would sooner or later be reflected in the state of government credit. But apparently they were willing last week—or some of them were—to call upon Americans to invest their hard-earned cash in the bonds of the French government—the French government whose credit structure and whose resources are so shaky that the United States could not reach the same level if it went on borrowing for another five or six years. Of course I am not defending our borrowing. I merely cannot understand why a policy of borrowing is so dangerous to American credit while to French credit it is so little to be feared that Americans are to be urged to buy French bonds.

Senator Wheeler has made the first preliminary report of his railroad investigation to the Senate. In it he discusses the extent and adequacy of the control of the Interstate Commerce Commission over railroad consolidation and holding-company control. The power of the federal government in the field of utilities or in industrial incorporation may be honestly doubted. But there can be no doubt of its control in the field of railroad finance. Here the government can deal adequately with the holding company and those shameless corporation practices which disgraced the career of the Van Sweringens. What, then, does the government propose to do about it? No complaint can be made by the President that a wicked Supreme Court restrains him here. Yet he and the Senate are squarely up against a decision as to what they are going to do to clean up this mess. Nothing in this world could be so utterly futile as an attempt to regulate holding companies in the railroad or utility or banking field. The government, in spite of a lot of big talk, is committed to regulation of holding companies in banking and utilities. It might take refuge there in the contention that some doubt exists of its power to do better. But in the railroad field its authority is not questioned. Therefore there is no reason why it should not at one stroke put an end to the whole grotesque and incomprehensible system of intercorporate purchases and controls and alliances among the roads. There is no reason why a railroad corporation should not be a single corporation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chartered by the United States government and drastically prohibited from either owning stock in any other corporation or having its own stock owned by any other corporation. If the President wants to back a real reform that may reach some of the vitals of the present vicious arrangements of finance capitalism, here is the place to begin.

One of the mysteries of the steel industry at the present time is the origin of its business. I spent some time among the steel mills three months ago. At that time the mills were running three shifts a day—full time and, for all practical purposes, at full capacity. As I watched this phenomenon, with business rising to the levels of 1929, I asked myself what these great mills could be making. They were not making structural steel on so vast a scale as 1929—very little of it in fact. They were not turning out railroad rails or equipment metal. That end of the business had enjoyed much stimulation, but it was a long way from the rush of pre-depression days. What, then, can these giant plants be turning out? It is merely a surmise, but the answer to a large margin of steel-mill business must be "war orders."

War orders have put their mark on copper. Copper has soared to 17 cents. And, indeed, in many commodities, The New York Times has correctly observed that the markets seem to recall the boom days of 1920 just following the War. The munitions factories are all working overtime and have been for some time. The shipyards are doing the same thing. Can it be that we are seeing now the first phase of a little war-business boom similar to that which roused and delighted us in the winter of 1914-15?

And of course, along with this goes our stock market. While John L. Lewis' men were sitting down in General Motors plants, GM stock was rising. When they were preparing their steel attack, US Steel stock rose from 76 to 115. When the steel-company settlement came, US Steel stock rose four points at once and has since gone up another eight points. If it be true that war orders of Europe now supplement the government spending of America, it must be conceded that with this recovery movement resting upon the deficits of a group of governments most of which are already beyond their ears in debt, it makes a very unstable and shaky basis for our little boom.

Americans found it difficult to believe that the old Bolsheviks recently executed in Russia, after all their years of warfare against capitalism, could have been really guilty of intriguing with Italy and Germany to destroy Stalin. That seemed unbelievable. This incredulity struck me as possible only by ignoring the strange distances which the human mind and heart can lead a man of strong feeling when they begin to generate hatreds. Now we have a weird case of it in our own far more composed country. Would anyone have believed, four years ago for instance, that in 1937 we would behold John Frey, of the A. F. of L.—as fine a person as one would care to meet—actually consorting with a company union in steel to defeat and destroy a singularly successful industrial-union movement led by John L. Lewis? Yet this fantastic thing has occurred. It is no stranger than a Russian editor full of hatred of Stalin seeking to circumvent that gentleman's plans by teaming up for the moment with Hitler. JOHN T. FLYNN.

Pleasant Passage

Storm Over Patsy, by Bruno Frank, adapted by James Bridie. Guild Theatre, March 8, 1937.

IN THE opinion sometimes of those in our city who have dined well, now and then really, and on occasion only too well—as is meant by the story in which the Kentucky colonel asks do you take much food with your meals, Major?—the British stage, or importation, which is rather what they mean half the time, is superior to ours. Some sort of smoothness, snootiness or ease makes it more ripping, riveting or less livid or otherwise, if you see what I mean, than our Broadway product. An accent, ever varying in itself but at least different from the recognized speech as we have it—though that has an accent in itself also variable—comes over to certain international, or would-be international, denizens as acting, so that a person who could not possibly be anything else than what he is appears to some people as acting what he is not. In sum, false vowels may be mistaken for impersonation; and a kind of silly, huffy, defensive and shy overinsistence looks like stage projection and even style. And thus it is that whirling studio autocrats, sweet popular passé stars, and, taken humanly, even asses, seem to be acting when in fact they are projecting only their egotism, confusion or defense.

To those who like to think of the British quality as an asset and a vindication of their efforts, such a statement from me will seem—or else they might never get a good seat on the street for the Coronation—merely anti-English. Fortunately however, an inherited and, so far as culture goes, a diligently pursuant point of view, teaches me that certain English people would know how right I am in implying that the English themselves are not the tosh that some of their admirers in America incarnate and profess, though I will not deny that in the theatre certain Britishers are willing to exploit such nonsense for what it is worth. As a sort of general summing up, we may say, then, that during the last few seasons numerous bits of novelettism, fluff or amiable snippiness have won among certain audiences the laurels of noticeable drama, where the American equivalent of the same sort of thing would for the same audiences rate as sheer fun or not, as the case might be. Watching these soft and persuasive results in certain British dramas and productions, I have often wondered how many of us are, and how much we may be, sheer novelists, lush and mild, vaguely libidinous and persistently romantic.

Let us not bother, however, over what I think, but since we are now well protected from accusations of anti-anything, come to the remark I wanted to make, which was that one of the few respects in which the London stage is not inferior to ours is in a certain effect of what we might call make-believe. Play-like, we used to call it when we were children. Frankly admitted. This sounds simple indeed, but is hard to express. I mean that we meet from time to time with an English production that seems to turn on that sheer make-believe which is the essence of the theatre, and in which nobody on the stage pretends that stage matters are as solid as daily affairs, and nobody is as hard-driven as in one of our American stage numbers. All seem to know that the theatre is jolly well worth engaging in, and all seem to rouse you for the general phantasm and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sport, and for, as it were, the evening's invitation to the waltz. One of the results of that sort of thing is to make us all rejoice at that absence of open professionalism, an absence so dear to the Anglo-Saxon heart, which likes to insult itself by thinking that things (even empires), simply happen, that one's interests remain safe, and one may therefore be easy without risk. (The chief curse in the English-speaking theatre today is evasion. Educated people of course will say that this is nothing new. Uneducated people who sense this curse should keep quiet.)

At any rate we have mentioned the point about make-believe. It is a sort of floating agreement to be happy in the moment, and a sort of gentlemen's agreement to remember that nature is one thing and art is another. To admit this point and to play happily to it is a joyous thing, or may be; and this is the chief virtue of the new Theatre Guild event.

Under Mr. Philip Moeller's direction the players are very delightfully together. They all seem to enjoy themselves and to be reaching after the laurels of character acting—no harm in that. You get the sense of nice people there behind the footlights, people too used to the amenities to be overanxious, and too pleasantly nurtured in this world to be hard-driven. The final result is not unlike certain situations in life: you are not bothered about the crux of events because you enjoy the company of the agents involved. This in you is, as Sam Weller said of wife beating, an amiable weakness after all. The grading of the play itself may thus be left to Guild subscribers or to lecturers; the rest of us may find it merely delightful.

As to the "Storm Over Patsy," it tells the story of a dog, "Patsy," whose unpaid tax lands him in the pound, of a running politician's young wife, a reporter who hates cruelty to animals and notes the candidate's obtuseness to human pathos, and an article by him in the town paper that wrecks a career. A libel suit is what provides the piece with a most amiable end, take it or leave it as drama.

As to the players, all of them are most acceptable. But there are especially Miss Sarah Allgood, Mr. Leo G. Carroll and Mr. Roger Livesey. Miss Allgood's performance, long since beloved in London, is one of those happy histories whose annals are short: lovely rhythms, charming vagaries, and a great sense of the dramatic meaning inch by inch. Mr. Livesey is, or can be, a real asset to our stage. He played in "The Country Wife" and saved from banality or pretense a role with genuine, if elegant and epigrammatic, concupiscence, not dirt. In this Guild play Mr. Livesey is always intelligent and convincing, a brilliant handler of cues, an inventor (and dissembler) of delightful effects of sincerity, a witty rifler for meanings that most actors would miss. As to Mr. Carroll, it may or may not be significant, perhaps, that he is not on the list of four players featured in the program. For fifteen years, at the Neighborhood Theatre and elsewhere, not to forget that brilliant performance of the butler in "The Green Bay Tree," Mr. Carroll has been giving performances in New York, none of which that I have seen has been anything but excellent. His portrayal of the judge now is one of the finest things of this season. Watching his beautiful shadings and perfect vagary of picture, I found myself wondering if Mr. Carroll should not be a bit more vulgar, and so get on faster. Or more stage piggish. Who knows?

STARK YOUNG.

"Camille": Rebirth in Pictures

THE PRESENT movie season is not only good but in unexpected ways. As to "Camille," the surprise is to find a story that should by rights be old hat coming to such insistent life on the day's screen. On the screen, of course, there is no such easy thing as material's just "coming" to life: the life has to be put there, and lived in make-believe, all of which takes understanding, faith and craftsmanship. The story of a farm girl whose loveliness and adaptable wisdom had promoted her into a nineteenth-century Paris figure, exquisite, obtainable and expensive as to surface, but inwardly consumed with a certain sickness and spiritual uncertainty; her surrender to and partly wasted sacrifice for simple love—this could have been made into many things: the perfunctory observance of a theatre classic, a costume piece, a vehicle for some heedless star. But although George Cukor's direction has seemed to be on the consciously classic side previously, his work here with the cast, material (treatment credited to Zoë Akins, Frances Marion, James Hilton) and technical staff (the top MGM crew: Herbert Stothart, William Daniels and Karl Freund, Cedric Gibbons, etc.) is a firm and straight-out piece of film work.

The life of the times grows up unobtrusively around the people as they take their dramatic position in the story, so that the complexities of an unfamiliar code of living and way of life become the simple background. This has flaws (some of the outdoors is needlessly artificial), but the point is that it serves functionally rather than as a separate effect in itself. In the same way the people become part of the life there. The work of Henry Daniell as the Baron in particular is a grand, subtle study of a man bred to pride and cynicism and scorn at war with the human immediacies of impulse; there is also Rex O'Malley, foolish and true; also Lenore Ulric, properly too shrill and venomous; and Laura Hope Crews, just flighty enough and perfectly the bitch to be infuriating; and Jessie Ralph. Robert Taylor himself is about what the part calls for, not too cold or complex or bright, canceling pretty-boy looks with candor and loyalty and the impulse of laughter.

And all of this frank, sensitive reanimation of a thing that time and change and indifference had almost made into a dramatic platitude is all the more generous of Hollywood and unexpected because it is the setting for a personality that truly requires none, being beauty in itself and its own excuse for being. For this is the Camille of Greta Garbo, the screen's first lady and dramatic phenomenon of our time—and phenomenon it is, because not wealth or her legend or the adulation of millions seems to jar her pure constancy; because in spite of a private dignity that has moved to envious jokes the whole army of those whose profession it is to fawn, pry and peddle gossip, she is still high in her place, an abiding name in this nation; because she continues in a form that still distresses the high of brow, with a power and unfailing beauty that are undeniable to all brow levels by the million.

The picture opens with lights, gayety and the coarse swirl of life; but if its end is to grow naturally from these first scenes, the mood must be set now. Camille must contrive from the start to be radiant in the tricky strange

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

light of a figure with the late sun behind it, the outlines on fire and a lengthening shadow at the center. And she must be—nothing so obvious and easy as the lily defiled, the stinkweed transformed, but a plant which grows in these low places, both part of and lovely above them. And some such presence is felt from the earliest scenes at the auction rooms and music hall, by no more outward signs than the slight cough (it is nothing), the straight glance and word for Young Handsome, the delight in flowers, the shrug for her friends' scheming prattle or the Baron's propositions. The emotional charge becomes heavier as conflicts develop, until we have the superb duet between Camille and the Baron at the piano, the mortal eloquence of the love passages, the renunciation, forced quarrel, last words, etc. But the gauge of Miss Garbo as this or any other figure may be taken from her command of the screen in her first tranquility, before an explicit relation with the audience has been built up or the action has provided for revelation by word or gesture. It is more than the distant shimmer of beauty, or a resonant husky voice, or a personal dignity wide enough for the demands of both humility and arrogance. It is more than can be measured in any of the dimensions through which we receive it, because sound waves and planes of light are only a medium of reflection for the regions of the spirit concerned here. Greta Garbo has the power of projecting not only the acting moods of a play but the complete image of her own person; and seeing her here, one realizes that this is more than there are words for, that it is simply the most absolute beautiful thing of a generation. OTIS FERGUSON.

The Bandwagon

California has shown that sit-down strikers can be made to evacuate the plants they have been holding against the law. At Santa Monica yesterday 343 sit-down strikers in the Douglas Aircraft plant were arrested and lodged in jail. It took 300 officers armed with grand-jury indictments, clubs, pistols, tear-gas bombs and machine guns to do it, but the officers finally won without the use of force.—*From an editorial in The Winfield, Kan., Daily Courier.*

The arduousness of the Royal Family's life was never more obvious than this week, when Queen Mary went twice to the films.—*From an item in Truth, reprinted in The New Statesman and Nation.*

"Too much education ruins character," warned Julius Streicher. "Mostly small persons who were not overburdened with brainy book learning were the ones who fought with us for the Nazi cause."—*From a Berlin dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.*

To Soothe the Savage Purse?

Is there any connection between love of music and mastery of business? John D. Rockefeller is an accomplished violinist. Charles M. Schwab is no mean organist. General Dawes loves the fiddle. Frank W. Woolworth installed in his Fifth Avenue palace a gigantic organ, although as a player he was rankly amateurish—*From an article in Forbes Magazine.*

A Plug for the Classics

The importance of the classics is shown plainly by recent events at Waukegan, Illinois. . . . Company officials could think of no way to persuade them [the workers] to resume work or leave the plant. But H. N. Keele, a former University of Illinois English professor . . . remembered how the Greeks conquered Troy after a long siege . . . and soon a "Trojan horse" entered the plant. It was a steel tower and instead of climbing out and giving battle to the strikers, the men in the tower released tear gas. But the gas was effective. . . . This should convince hard-headed business men that the classics are well worth reading.—*From The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Keep the Court Out of This

There is nothing to debate in the proposition to pack the Supreme Court, any more than there could be in a proposition to ravish a decent human being. I should as soon debate the chastity of my mother or sister. . . . *The Reverend Dr. J. E. Wagner of Greensburg, Pa., quoted in The Greensburg Morning Review.*

Just Ever-Normal Sissies

Back in the good old days floods and drought were taken by the American people in their stride. Now we want an ever-normal granary.—*From a letter in The Philadelphia Evening Ledger.*

Who's Been Working for the Railroad?

The Bishop of London, assailing "miserable propaganda for birth control," said that a larger population would solve the problem of railroad deficits by giving the roads more potential patrons.—*From The Arkansas Gazette, Little Rock, Arkansas.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Press and The New Republic

SIR: May I heartily congratulate you upon the splendid manner in which "The Press and the Public" was presented in the March 17 issue of The New Republic?

I found it straightforward, unbiased and admirably written and consider it a valuable contribution to our understanding of present-day journalism.

Woodhaven, N. Y. LOUIS PAUL.

Pravda on Trotsky

SIR: There are very few persons who will dissent from the statement published in your editorial columns of March 3 that "The Manchester Guardian is one of the best liberal newspapers not only in England but in the world." Among the dissenters, however, is Pravda of Moscow, the official organ of the Communist Party. Because The Guardian opened its columns to a letter from L. Sedov, the son of Leon Trotsky, Pravda said that the article "was certainly conceived in the crib of the German secret Police and shows that the paper's pages are open to the Gestapo for the glorification of its hired murderers, wreckers and Trotskyist spies." Pravda added, "It is obvious that these fellows have easily converted a 'solid' liberal organ into a fascist-speaking trumpet." (Reprinted in The Manchester Weekly Guardian of February 5, 1937.)

Comment would be unnecessary were it not that tactics similar in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kind, although milder in tone, have been resorted to in this country to try to discredit those who in the interest of ordinary human liberties, justice and ultimately the progress of socialism, have devoted themselves to securing a fair hearing for Trotsky.

New York City. JOHN DEWEY.

Bureau of Nearly Missing Persons

SIR: Two items in the Literary Calendar [The New Republic, February 24] reminded me of the time when there were Humanist magazines, publishers, professors, critics, scientists and political thinkers. I don't get around much, and I would like to know what has become of all the youngsters who were lining up on the side of Homer, Plato, Confucius, Jesus, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Babbitt and More. In what journals and institutions have they found refuge? Just what has become of Humanism Capital H?

Bethany, Okla. JAMES R. CRIBBETT.

Further Adventures of Ernie O Malley

SIR: It may interest your readers to learn something more about Ernie O Malley than what he tells of himself in his "Army Without Banners" [reviewed by Malcolm Cowley in The New Republic of March 10], which concludes in the year 1921. The book left "little Ernie" O Malley fighting for the IRA, who all united against their common enemy the British Empire. Then came the treaty and while the lads were talking in London Ernie rested a bit licking his wounds. Then war broke out again, this time between the lads themselves. One side wanted to keep the treaty and formed themselves into the Irish Free State government with Mick Collins and Cosgrave in command, and the others still stood out for the Republic and no treaty. The Republicans formed themselves into an army under De Valera, Childers, Barton, Mellowes, McKelvy, O'Connor and O Malley. They were finally defeated by the Free State army. A good many of them were executed, including Childers (England was howling for *his* blood), others were imprisoned. Peader O'Donnell in his excellent jail journal, "The Gates Flew Open," describes his meeting with Ernie:

> I met Ernie O Malley for the first time since his arrest. He had been captured after a stiff fight and only the fact that the doctors insisted he couldn't be disturbed, even to be courtmartialed, had saved him from the firing party. The doctors insisted he couldn't be courtmartialed, while Ernie himself was of the opinion "that a little more lead would not matter either one way or the other."

O'Donnell gives us another glimpse of him in prison. "I looked into Ernie's cell. George Plunkett, looking like a death's head, was in there. Ernie was chuckling in the bed and Plunkett was reading a cookery book aloud; and they were finding it very amusing." They were then in the middle of a thirty-five-day hunger strike.

When it was all over but the shouting Ernie O Malley, still full of bullets, disillusioned and disgusted, disappeared into the unknown, turning up eventually in Mexico as an interested spectator at many bull fights. I'm not sure that he didn't try his hand at this game himself. He was writing poetry and scenting another war from afar, this time the class war. He arrived in New York where he lived for some time from hand to mouth, often sleeping in subway stations, darting into picket lines wherever there was a chance of a good row. He started writing his book "Army Without Banners," finished it in cafeterias and subways and then failed to interest anyone in it, though he did publish some poems here and there.

When he got back to Ireland, still with "Army Without Banners" nestling in his pocket, he decided to go in for the medical—his father and all his brothers are doctors. At the same time an English publisher took his manuscript and decided to publish it under the title "On Another's Man's Wound."

So we leave little Ernie in Dublin doing his medical at "National," the father of a red-headed son of about six months, immersed in various activities in Dublin and keeping a wistful eye on Spain. He is still rattling with bullets.

Boston, Mass. MARY MANNING.

Bravos for the Coal Crackers

SIR: It was a great pleasure to discover in your issue for February 17 the poem by my old friend Robert Allison Evans. His career in coal mining has been striking. He has had many thrilling adventures and is a past master in telling about them. His stories of the mines, as I have heard them, grip one. I earnestly hope that I may be privileged to read some of them in your columns.

Northeast Harbor, Me. ALBERT L. WHITTAKER.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Miss Ruth Miller sends disapproval all the way from Denver because we spoke favorably of James T. Farrell's "Studs Lonigan" trilogy. She says various characters in that work show offensive racial and religious prejudice. . . . There is, of course, such a thing as portraying an attitude without necessarily endorsing it. . . . Lorine Niedecker, Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, also liked the "Coal Cracker's Song" and wants more of Mr. Evans' work. . . . Norborne Harris Crowell, of Potsdam, New York, goes the whole distance with the fervent exclamation, "Thank God for John T. Flynn!"

Dr. Kurt Rosenfeld, former Minister of Justice in Prussia under the Weimar Republic, hails the appearance of the first issue of the Deutsches Volksecho (German People's Echo) published at 5 Beekman Street in New York City. Dr. Kurt Rosenfeld is pleased with such contributors as Heinrich Mann, Thomas Mann and Lion Feuchtwanger and applauds the valiant stand the paper is taking against the Nazi regime. . . . Alfred Morang, of Portland, Maine, sends news of the crew of the British freighter, "Linaria," who staged a sit-down strike against going with the ship to Hopewell, Virginia, to load a cargo of nitrates consigned to the rebel junta in Spain, presumably to be made into explosives. When the State Department ruled that nitrates were classed as fertilizer rather than munitions and thus could not be declared contraband, the crew quit their jobs. Progressive-minded people in Boston are trying to arrange passage for the men to get back to England. . . . Mrs. Mattie Howard writes from Keosauqua, Iowa, to agree with the Blackstone report described by T.R.B. in the issue of March 3 and says county agricultural agents frequently show bias in favor of large landowners and business interests to the neglect of smaller farmers and tenants. . . . C. W. Condit, Cincinnati, Ohio, liked our "Literary Revaluations" series and hopes to see us maintain affirmative attitudes toward the general end that "there be no more fine causes which die because their leaders become dispirited."

What's on the Air?

Robert Horton, Washington correspondent of The New York World-Telegram, gives daily summaries of the hearings before the Senate Judiciary Committee on the Supreme Court proposals. Monday, March 22, through Friday, March 26, 1:15 P.M., CBS.

Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace discusses "The Court Reorganization Plan." Monday, March 22, 9:30 to 10 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

A number of experts discuss the possibilities of decreasing cancer mortality through education as to the latest methods of prevention, diagnosis and treatment. Tuesday, March 23, 10:30 to 11 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Frank R. McNinch, chairman of the Federal Power Commission, points out "Junk and Jokers in Electric Rates." Wednesday, March 24, 19:30 P.M., CBS.

Salvador de Madariaga, Lord Elton and others lead a discussion of the question, "Is a World System Possible?" on the program of America's Town Meeting of the Air. Thursday, March 25, 9:30 to 10:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Easter themes are prominent in the musical programs of the week. The Brahms Requiem is sung by the St. Thomas Choir under the direction of Dr. T. Tertius Noble on Good Friday afternoon, March 26, 2 to 3 P.M., on both the Red and Blue networks of the National Broadcasting Company; later the same afternoon, 4:30 to 5:15 P.M., the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Dr. Serge Koussevitsky, is heard over the NBC-Blue Network; and on Easter Sunday, March 28, from 7:30 A.M. to 10, the National Broadcasting Company will broadcast a succession of sunrise services, many with symphonic and choral accompaniment.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Kipling of Westward Ho!

THE FIRST half of these memoirs[1] is more candid than anything else Kipling ever wrote. He tells how he was born in India and as a child thought and dreamed in Hindustani and spoke it better than English; how he was farmed out in England for six years by his parents in a dreadful religious household near Portsmouth, where he was beaten, bullied with the Bible, sent to school with a placard reading "Liar" on his shoulders and driven into a nervous breakdown, accompanied by hallucinations—an episode which gave him "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep"; how he then spent four years more at an inferior United Services College at a place called Westward Ho!, which gave him "Stalky & Co." and where he was wretchedly fed, tormented by the older students and brutally disciplined by the masters; and how for seven years after that he worked his head off through prostrating illness in newspaper offices in India, writing stories to fill up space and disapproved of by the government and his superiors, who told him that he would never amount to anything.

All this, as I have said, is presented with more candor and less romance than we usually find in Kipling's fiction where he is dealing with the same experience. The young Kipling who tempered his character and mastered his craft in the teeth of all these warping and thwarting forces is an impressive and attractive figure—though it is, of course, true that these influences were offset by those of his parents, whom he adored, and by the Pre-Raphaelites, whom he saw as a child through his mother's brother Burne-Jones. But as we read on, the same curious thing happens, we are baffled by the same disappointment, as in following his work as a whole. Just as in his stories he becomes more and more preoccupied with the work of the world and how it is done and less and less interested in the people who do it, so that he is finally able to drop them out altogether and to proceed with a world peopled exclusively by horses, locomotives and ships; so in these memoirs there is a disconcerting difference between the poor young man of the first part, whom we feel we have gotten to know, and the householder and famous author of the latter part who ceases to tell us anything about himself, but devotes long pages to the description of the animals in Cecil Rhodes's private zoo and to architectural details of his various houses.

This unconscious shift in Kipling's point of view appears very clearly in the contrast between his account of the army in India and his account of the Boer War—just as "Barrack-Room Ballads" contrasts with the stuff in "The Five Nations." "Having no position to consider," he writes of the earlier period, "and my trade enforcing it, I could move at will in the fourth dimension. I came to realize the bare horrors of the private's life, and the unnecessary torments he endured. . . . Lord Roberts, at that time Commander-in-Chief of India, who knew my people, was interested in the men, and—I had by then written one or two stories about soldiers—the proudest moment of my young life was when I rode up Simla Mall beside him on his usual explosive red Arab, while he asked me what the men thought about their accommodation, entertainment-rooms and the like. I told him, and he thanked me as gravely as though I had been a full Colonel." And at this period Kipling's interest in people is personal: "All the queer outside world would drop into our workshop sooner or later—say a Captain just cashiered for horrible drunkenness, who reported his fall with a wry, appealing face, and then—disappeared. Or a man old enough to be my father, on the edge of tears because he had been overpassed for Honors on The Gazette. . . . One met men going up and down the ladder in every shape of misery and success." But when we come to the South African campaign, the point of view is altogether different. Even writing so long afterwards (in 1935), Kipling sounds like nothing in the world but a high-paid publicity man for the imperialist interests in Africa, and his chapter on South Africa is to my mind mean-spirited, superficial and vulgar. Not merely does he sneer at the Boers, but his attitude toward the British soldier has unconsciously altered in its emphasis: "I happened to fall unreservedly, in darkness, over a man near the train, and filled my palms with gravel. He explained in an even voice that he was 'fractured 'ip, sir. 'Ope you ain't 'urt yourself, sir?' I never got at this unknown Philip Sidney's name. They were wonderful even in the hour of death—these men and boys—lodge-keepers and ex-butlers of the Reserve and raw town-lads of twenty." Here he is trying to pay a tribute to the troops; but it is obvious that the Kipling who was proud to be questioned by Lord Roberts as if he were a Colonel has triumphed over the Kipling who answered him as a spokesman for the unfortunate soldiers. Today he is becoming primarily a man whom a soldier addresses as "sir," as a soldier to Kipling is becoming a man whose heroism primarily consists in remaining respectful with a fractured hip. *"Having no position to consider and my trade enforcing it, I could move at will in the fourth dimension."* Today he has a position to consider, and he is losing the freedom of that fourth dimension in which every great writer of fiction must move.

Kipling's patriotic prejudices in this book appear more nakedly than in his stories and poems. It turns out that he objects, not merely to the Boers, but also to the Americans, the Germans and the Irish—to say nothing of the Fabians and the liberals—in other words, he objects to all the people who have rebelled against or gotten away from the British Empire or who have recently been at war with it or who have ventured to criticize its policies. On the other hand, he finds that the Canadians, the New Zealanders and the Australians are all distinguished by admirable qualities. (And he is evidently anti-Semitic, too: in spite of that strange story about Paul of Tarsus which was one of the last things he published, he seems unable to approve of any Jew later than the first century.) I had never realized till I read this book how deliberate and systematic had been Kipling's glorification of the Empire. Immediately after his return to London and his early success, he tells us, he planned a sort of imperial *Comédie Humaine:* "Bit by bit, my original notion grew into a vast, vague conspectus—Army and Navy List, if you like—of the whole sweep and meaning of things and effort and origins throughout the Empire. I visualized it, as I do most ideas, in the shape of a semicircle of buildings and temples projecting into a sea—of dreams." He then set out, with this design, to travel and cover the Empire.

His "original notion" had been "to tell the Empire something of the world outside England—not directly but by

[1] Something of Myself for My Friends Known and Unknown, by Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 252 pages. $2.50.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

implication." No doubt to some extent he succeeded: "What can they know of England who only England know?"—though he never did any other country so well as the India of his youth and he certainly cannot be said to have done much for the Irish, for example, except in the role of loyal British soldiers like Mulvaney and the Wild Geese. And it is remarkable that, after spending, as I am surprised to learn, five or six months of every year in South Africa over a period of seven years, he should have had so little in a literary way to show for it. He and his family lived in a house just off the Cecil Rhodes estate, and he seems simply to have sat at Rhodes's feet: it turns out that the celebrated verses "If—" were inspired by Kipling's conception of the character of L. S. Jameson, the instigator of the Jameson raid. It was becoming very difficult for him to see human beings except in their imperial relations and from the point of view of people like Jameson and Rhodes.

"In the long run," he writes of the period which he had spent with the household of "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," "these things, and many more of the like, drained me of any capacity for real, personal hate for the rest of my days." But his hatred had simply become generalized: he hated whole categories and nations. It was so that he passed on all the bullying he had endured. Westward Ho! had made all too good a job of it. Even in making him suffer, it had convinced him of the soundness of its philosophy. With the exception of the "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" people, he tells you that all his tormentors were right, including the man who fired him for political reasons from The Allahabad Pioneer when he was just coming to the height of his powers; and even in the case of the family with whom he spent those six horrible years of childhood, the Bible grind and the inquisitorial morality seem to have left their mark upon him in the shape of the grim Old Testament threats which keep cropping up in his work and which he certainly could never have learned from William Morris, the de Morgans and Burne-Jones. The curious feature of this episode, indeed, is that Kipling should never have rebelled. David Copperfield bit Mr. Murdstone's hand, and many boys in real life have done the same. Kipling's relations, whom he went to visit at regular intervals during this period, asked him afterwards why he had never told them how he was treated; but his explanation does not make him seem less pitifully humble and passive. He did not rebel, and he was never to rebel. There is no understanding of rebels in his work, and this may have something to do with his inability to do full-length fiction. A short story may be merely an exciting or amusing anecdote; but a novel must usually present some kind of conflict, and Kipling became more and more incapable of seeing more than one side of any conflict.

At any rate, as soon as he began making money, Kipling seems to have succumbed totally to a myth which many persons must have had an interest in his believing. When he was no longer compelled by the pressure of struggle to observe how people felt and lived, he tended to observe nothing any longer but local peculiarities and technical detail: the *Comédie Humaine* of the Empire never really panned out. Kipling seems at some pains to emphasize his lack of means during his early married life; and it is impossible to read this autobiography without concluding that his success did him harm. The prose craftsman went on developing to the highest point of virtuosity; the Englishman ceased to think, ceased to sympathize, forgot what he had known. Under the pressure of the War and the death of his son, his genius seemed to fly to pieces: his last stories were *disjecta membra,* though impressive beyond the work of some others of his generation who seemed to have adjusted themselves better to the era after the War, because they were unmistakably the fragments, twisted and torn though they were, of a very superior engine.

Unfortunately, this record stops before the War. One would like to know what he would have said about it. Perhaps he could have said nothing about it which would have sounded plausible after what had gone before.

I do not want to leave the subject of this book without remarking on the hideous binding. It is worth saying something about because it is typical of the bad American bookmaking of today. For some reason, Doubleday, Doran, instead of bringing out "Something of Myself" in the same dignified green binding as all the other volumes of Kipling, have thought it a good idea to publish it in crimson covers with the publishers' name and the whole of the long title clumsily lettered and badly printed on black, with badly designed gold festoons hanging down below the title. On the side an elephant's head is stamped.

The whole thing is an indignity for Kipling and a disgrace to Doubleday, Doran. But it is no worse than the books of other publishers. The format and typography of American books must at present be the worst in the world. German books seem to be about the best—with the English a close second. French books are of course most attractive—though perhaps in a way that we cannot imitate. Even Russian books, in spite of their misprints and their flabby colorless covers, have more distinction than ours. The publishers will tell you that the reading public demand large and heavy books so that they will feel sure they are getting their money's worth, and that this precludes the possibility of light easily handled books such as the English have (an outstanding monstrosity of this kind is "A Yankee Saint," published by Putnam's, which, though a work of no immense length, weighs as much as a sixteenth-century folio—so that in order to read it with any comfort you would have to prop it up on a lectern). They will tell you, for example, that they are obliged to make a mess of a book like E. M. Forster's "Abingdon Harvest" (Harcourt, Brace), a mixed collection of essays, satires and verse, by printing it so that each piece begins on the same page on which the one before has finished instead of getting a fresh page to itself, because it is necessary to save paper and costs. In other words they will give you the same reasons that the Hollywood people give you for smothering their audiences with tripe. But even that doesn't account for the carelessness and for the abominable taste. One might expect it from the new fly-by-night publishers; but the old respectables are as bad as any (Houghton Mifflin is, I think, the only one which has succeeded in preserving any distinction and, as book-makers, they are certainly not dazzling). Scribner's have published volumes of Scott Fitzgerald which wouldn't have been so incompetently proofread if he had still been writing for The Nassau Lit and getting his copy set up in Trenton. The books of Macmillan are as styleless and dreary as the dreariest kind of textbooks. The Modern Library is a pain in the neck (compare it with Everyman's); and the same publisher's big illustrated classics are worse. Alfred Knopf, who appreciated the German books, deserves credit for having taken this problem seriously and has produced some attractive work: the new edition of Mencken's "American Language," for example; but his books, too, have suffered somewhat from the prevailing American sloppiness. The new Housman poems, which should have been perfect, are marred by at least one bad misprint.

EDMUND WILSON.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arms and the Business Man

The Private Manufacture of Armaments, by Philip Noel-Baker. New York: The Oxford University Press. Vol. I. 574 pages. $3.75.

EVER SINCE that day when a committee of the United States Senate started uncovering the sordid story of how men play civilization against itself in order to win the profits to be had in war and in the mad games of preparing for war, the literary woods have been crowded with the works of writers responding to the hunger of a public for more and more of the story of the merchants of death. It has all been quite worthy work. More is on its way and the "five-foot shelf" of printed hearings and reports of the Senate Munitions Committee will continue to be, for years to come, a source of surprises and knowledge for authors who undertake studies in pronounced causes of war.

It remained, however, for Philip Noel-Baker to delocalize and depersonalize the story of the private manufacture of armaments. In the first volume of his splendid encompassing of the question, he shows us how wide the influence and activity of the munitions maker is, and how international the problem. Yet, at once, this author makes us realize that perhaps the faults (and they are unending) of private industry are really the faults of a system countenanced and to some degree encouraged by governments.

I am sure Noel-Baker is giving us the most studious and authentic job yet done on the munitions-manufacture problem. A professor in international relations, a member of the British delegation to the 1919 peace conference, an official in his country's Foreign Office, this writer now proves that few, if any, have gone deeper into the private munitions making and selling maze than he, and he gives us a marvelously interesting and well organized book of facts from every munitions-making front in the world. It isn't a work attacking individuals or a class; it attacks a system. Yet one does not lay the book down with any doubt concerning the author's conclusions about the individuals or the class, as well as the system.

"The Private Manufacture of Armaments" gives a desperately wanted international answer to such questions as these:

1. How extensively were the sons of nations destroyed by weapons produced in their own nations and sold at a profit by their own flesh and blood?
2. How largely are governments responsible for the unbelievable practices of arming the world against itself?
3. Is the right privately to manufacture and sell munitions the creation of a vested interest in war?
4. Is private manufacture indispensable in a national defense program?
5. How great is the resort to bribery in selling armaments to nations?
6. What is the meaning of the presence of so many retired military officers in executive positions of armament firms?
7. How much of the arming of potential enemies results from private munitions industry?
8. Why, and how extensively, does private industry interfere with disarmament conferences?
9. How freely does industry violate treaties and international obligations?
10. How extensive is the munitions-industry control of the press?
11. What relationship exists between munitions makers and some "patriotic" societies?
12. Just what relationship did the merchants of munitions have with events leading to the World War?

Many other vital questions are discussed by Noel-Baker. His approach to the anti-social methods of the industry is exceptionally well undertaken. In his first volume are whole pages of authenticated facts that no student of war causes is going to dare be without. It is a decidedly thought-provoking work, which one lays aside to be referred to again and again. And, finally, it leaves one impatiently counting the few months to the date his second volume will be available. Anyone wanting a single book that brings together knowledge of the practices of munitions makers the world over will not go wrong in choosing the unexciting title this book bears.

It is interesting to see how frequently Noel-Baker resorts to the findings resulting from the United States Senate Munitions Investigation, but still more interesting to see how the author has seemed to make these findings but a small part of all there is to know about the role played by munitions makers in the lives and fortunes of us of today and the children of tomorrow.

GERALD P. NYE.

The Genteel Rebel

Parnell: A Biography, by Joan Haslip. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 405 pages. $3.

MISS Haslip has produced a serious, informed contribution to the literature that has accumulated around the fact and romance of the "Uncrowned King of Ireland," Charles Stewart Parnell, who at the zenith of his career was forced to choose between private need and public duty, and was unable to make the choice: "Life is not supportable," he said, "without the friendship of a woman, be she good or bad." He emerges in this book as a nervous, repressed, landed gentleman whose only weapons were an umbrella, used once on the head of an Irish peasant in an electioneering scuffle, and the instrument of parliamentary obstruction with which he and his followers reduced the proceedings of the English House of Commons to ridiculous chatter, and exposed, clearly and finally, the real temperamental differences that exist between English and Irish.

It was one of the chief points in Parnell's political attitude that Ireland is not a geographical fragment of England, but an alien nation. Parnell always felt himself to be an Irishman. He detested England. From his earliest days he was obsessed by the conviction that people (that is to say, the landed West-Britons who were his social equals) looked down on him because he was Irish, of semi-American extraction—the Stewarts had fought against the English in the American War of Independence. Miss Haslip ingeniously suggests that Parnell, by an intense, neurotic effort of will, transmuted his personal inferiority complex into a passionate symbol of the resentment borne by the exploited Irish peasant against the English oppressor.

Nevertheless, to the end Parnell remained an Anglo-Irish gentleman, a parliamentarian, not a revolutionary, who honestly believed he could fight and win the Irish Land War from the benches of Westminster; accepting Parliament's rules and codes and using them to fight the institution itself; meeting the English on their own ground, the battlefield of gentlemen; and outwitting their greatest generals, both Beaconsfield and Gladstone. It was fitting that his defeat should come at the hands of the Liberals on a question of moral behavior.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To Michael Davitt, Socialist, disciple of Henry George, with dreams of a Peasants' and Workers' Republic for Ireland which was to coöperate in entire sympathy with the oppressed workers of England, Parnell was essentially an Englishman "without a hint of Celtic character," but "molded for an Irish purpose." To young Tim Healy, the wily hero-worshipping Anglo-Irish journalist, Parnell was "more an institution than a man": an institution that represented the best interests, the noblest aspirations of the Anglo-Irish aristocracy. Parnell wanted a Parliament in Ireland but, as Miss Haslip says, it would have been a governing body composed of gentlemen in which the Catholic peasants and workers would have had little place. "Once, when Davitt asked him, 'Suppose you had your Irish Parliament, how would you begin?' he [Parnell] answered, with a very gentle smile, 'Well, Davitt, I think I should begin by locking you up.'" For centuries the leaders in the Irish struggle for national liberty, the Emmets, the Fitzgeralds, the Tones, were idealistic and self-conscious members of the English Ascendancy.

Miss Haslip's account of the O'Shea scandal is keen and vivid, without being either glib or sensational, though one might suggest that she tends to minimize the part played by the Catholic Church in the downfall of Parnell. It is pleasurable to read her sane and scholarly study of this affair. She brings before the reader a portrait of a sick, overworked man, starved of affection, whose love for Mrs. O'Shea was more of the nature of necessity than romantic fancy. Parnell needed Katherine O'Shea, needed her vitality, her affection; and it was his tragedy that this woman was inferior to him in every way except the physical.

MICHAEL SAYERS.

As Britons See Us

Fundamental Issues in the United States, by E. A. Radice. New York: The Oxford University Press. 74 pages. $1.25.

The New Deal, by the Editors of The (London) Economist. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 158 pages $1.50.

THE ATTEMPTS of the present administration to cope with national and economic problems have been hamstrung mainly by constitutional or administrative difficulties, Mr. Radice indicates. Solution of our national problems is not really possible until we have dealt with the fundamental constitutional issues. In so far as the constitutional issues are the basic issues, the New Deal has done little more than bring them to light. Says this English author: "It may require yet another depression to convince the American people that the system under which they have lived must adapt itself in all its departments to the conditions of the modern world."

The editors of The (London) Economist have attempted a brief analysis and interesting appraisal of the New Deal. Each piece of major legislation is described and the pertinent facts noted. The major conclusions seem to be as follows: The great problems of the country are still hardly touched. There has been no permanent readjustment of agriculture to meet the changed environment. Very little has been done to deal with the causes of industrial fluctuation. The monetary structure of the country is less under control than formerly. Moreover—and here the authors agree with Mr. Radice—the great overriding political problem of how America is to construct a socially responsible and socially regulated economy with her present constitutional provisions, has been shirked.

A. A. IMBERMAN.

Prejudice, Unlimited

The Yellow Spot: The Extermination of the Jews in Germany. With an Introduction by the Bishop of Durham. New York: Knight Publications. 287 pages. $3.

Some of My Best Friends Are Jews, by Robert Gessner. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 388 pages. $3.

ALTHOUGH "The Yellow Spot" tells little that was not already known about the persecution of Jews in Nazi Germany, it tells this story with unusual thoroughness and documents it with horribly convincing photographs and quotations from official Nazi sources. The result is a singularly gruesome study of government by insanity; of a government exalting sadism, persecution and hysteria against a particular racial group, prostituting law, art and science to this purpose and having as one of its chief activities the mass production of faked anti-Semitic propaganda. The record is factual and there is little attempt made to interpret the facts, but the economic implications of the "cold pogrom" and of the more spectacular persecutions for "race defilement" and other new crimes emerge from it clearly.

Mr. Gessner's book begins where "The Yellow Spot" leaves off. Anti-Semitism and manifestations of prejudice were not new to him, though the Middle West in which he grew up was comparatively free from them. His preoccupation was with the reasons for anti-Semitism and its possible cure. In London he found Jews already worried by the presence and the demands of the German-Jewish refugees. Jews, it seemed, did not stand together regardless of class, even in time of persecution. In Germany he found upper-class Jews supporting the government. He went on to Poland and what he saw of poverty among the Polish Jews made him decide that "Hitler was more humane." "I have seen Indian poverty and Negro degradation," he writes, "but no smell or sight or sound affects me so much as the memories of the Jewish quarter in . . . Vilna."

Mr. Gessner went to Palestine and found in the Jewish National Home all the contradictions of a competitive society. He found a ghetto in Tel-Aviv—the slums of its poor. He saw real-estate speculation running riot and orange-groves ploughed under to make room for the city's mushroom growth. He saw socialistic agricultural communes and plantations owned by rugged Jewish individuals, who exploited cheap Arab labor. Only in Soviet Russia, where Jews are economically assimilated, did he find no problem of anti-Semitism, and he believes such assimilation can take place only in a non-competitive social order.

> It was myopic of the German Jews to believe they could escape racial and economic difficulties under the first, second or third Reich. . . . The German Jews were not culturally in competition with their persecutors; they spoke the same language and revered the same heroes. But they were economically in competition. . . . The *superficial* causes of anti-Semitism have been biological and anthropological, but the *basic* cause has been economic.

Mr. Gessner's conclusions seem to me sound, and they are supported by an able and exciting, if slightly one-sided job of reporting. I think he somewhat overstresses the sycophancy of the bourgeois German Jews. "The Yellow Spot" makes clear how widespread and overwhelming the pressure of persecution was on all Jews, and also that there have been instances of resistance and protest by the persecuted, both Jewish and Christian. It is a pity that Mr. Gessner's reporting ignores such instances, but his contribution is, in spite of this, important.

MARTHA GRUENING.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All Fiction

This Is Your Day, by Edward Newhouse. New York: Lee Furman. $2.50.

WHEN, AFTER the War, Papa would bring home a fat pay envelope, the kids would have themselves a time. They'd drink bootleg liquor and they'd pet; and they got Scott Fitzgerald to write about them. They knew that when they left school they'd get married and have a job; so they didn't care what it was all about. If they were very smart and had managed to get away to Paris, they drank good liquor and made real love; and they had Hemingway to write about them.

Recently there has been a new crowd of kids come up, that Newhouse writes about. Their Old Men have been out of work so long they might be called Children of the Home Relief. They've been worried not only about getting work after graduation, but even staying in school itself has been a nightmare. It's all right so long as they're interested in athletics; but if they raise their head and open their mouth about what's all around them, out of the school they go, and they haven't even got the satisfaction of being out of work but with a diploma.

The world is obviously out of joint and their real worry is: What are they doing about it? Well, some are just naturally militant, and they join the Party; they become like missionaries: they're in a world to change: they've got no personal troubles, they don't mind going hungry or sleeping in the park, or not sleeping at all. They're very busy and pretty happy people; because it's nice to be able to go anywhere at all, and wherever you come to that's your home, and everyone you meet is your brother.

It takes guts, and some haven't got them; or they did manage to get a job and they're hysterical to hold on. If they're teaching in a school, the principal makes stool pigeons out of them and the students despise them. All night long they worry and all day long they kid themselves. They think: It's a tough world; I've got to help out my people. They also serve . . . and so on. The fact is they can't make up their minds. It runs through their lives. They're going to take a girl out. They think: She's a cute kid, and I'll be paternal. Before they know it, they find out she's jail bait, and she's in trouble, and it's wedding bells, or else. . . .

That's the story Newhouse tells in this book, and maybe he loads the dice a little. His Communist organizer has no troubles at all. He has a swell girl and she likes him a lot. When he gets sent off to organize the farmers, men and women, everybody likes him. The other fellow, the school teacher, is unhappy from beginning to end. He doesn't even particularly like the girl he seduces. It's just a yen, and when he has to marry her, he knows she's a moron.

But I guess it's an important book, and it has the same quality Newhouse's first book had: it has anger. It tells what the kids are thinking in high schools and colleges, this new generation, with no room to settle in, no leisure to read in, none of the patina of what has been known as culture. The writing is not always elegant or even; but the characters live, and the purpose is strong. Maybe in this book the dice are not loaded. Sometimes maybe impatience is also a quality. Once, after all, the mood was to drink and to forget the world. Today all you can do with the place is to try and change it.

NATHAN ASCH.

Thieves Like Us, by Edward Anderson. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

THE THESIS of this book (that the social structure makes big thieving respectable but honest safe-cracking a perilous career) is more hindrance than help. The story would have been true enough to march by itself by virtue of its sound narrative bone and muscle, its surface of likely and abundant detail—if the author, that is, had sufficient faith in what he was telling. But he seems uneasy about Significance and such like, and so steals time from the story to drag in the title and even fixes incidents and characters a little. I bring in the objections first because this is a book that reads like a fire and is written with that degree of truth to the lives of its characters which has the reader resentful of their logical end and paging back.

Mainly the book is about three who make a break from Alcatraz and carry along for some time in high style, picking off banks as though they were birds' nests on the ground, operating with cool precision under the complete strategy of old T-Dub. Get into territory you know, pick out a Sleepytime National that may only go for a few thousand but will be foolproof; then take it carefully and set yourself up. Three or four furnished houses (with two-car garage) in different towns; three light fast cars and a handful of license plates; some good clothes, extra artillery, plenty of stores. Keep under cover, prompt and liberal in payments, inconspicuous. Then get acquainted with local banking customs in the two-hundred-mile radius and start picking them off.

WHY DID
JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Jr.
WRITE TO JIM FARLEY?

See if you can answer this question after reading the remarkable article, "President Roosevelt's Dilemma," by Louis Wallis in The Christian Century, reprinted free for you.

Here is the dilemma: Business recovery must go much further; else the New Deal fails.—But if recovery *DOES* go on, it will inevitably drive up land prices, and inflate ground rents, and lead to another period of land speculation, *which will produce another economic slump.* Most "frozen paper" in banks is based on inflated land values.

Two remarkable articles by Louis Wallis, *"President Roosevelt's Dilemma"* and *"The Economic Problem,"*—both reprinted from *The Christian Century*—will be forwarded to you free by sending your name clearly written on a postal card to

DEPT. B

WILLETT, CLARK & CO.,
440 South Dearborn Street
Chicago, Illinois

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One man in the car, one man riding herd on customers and officials, one cleaning the vault; get clear and divide the tokens, bring up car Number Two and burn Number One, move on into house Number Two. Quiet, decent, no fuss.

It is all very easy, but not for us; because in addition to T-Dub's pure craftsmanship it demands gambling boldness, quiet nerves, resource in the face of the unexpected. Even to the best hands it is easy only so long as the unforeseen, the simple banal chance, is avoidable. Chance and human frailty catch up with them before the end of the book. A stupid, everyday traffic accident forces Bowie and The Indian to shoot their way out, leaving their trail red hot; T-Dub has him a nice straight girl but she proves an unconscious leak and the Law is very fast on the draw when it's got you covered. That is the end of T-Dub and The Indian is sent up. Bowie is trying to live a quiet safe life with his girl (the last part of the book is more their romance than anything else) but first a snitch plumber recognizes them from the papers, then the girl gets badly pregnant and help is necessary, and the Law is very sure on the trail when it is brought to the spot, by stool pigeons or whatever. They were as nice people as any of us, and more humanly gifted. But they met life on a hotter, more exciting front—and that, as it should be, is all. O. F.

Lords and Masters, by A. G. Macdonell. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THE THIRD of Mr. Macdonell's satires is much the best directed. "England, Their England" was the kind of very British book that does not contribute to Anglo-American friendship, and "How Like an Angel" was too general to be really effective. "Lords and Masters" concentrates on an important evil, and attacks it intelligently. It is doubtful, however, if anybody can be satirical on the subject of war. Mr. Macdonell, at least, spends his satire on ridiculous but relatively unimportant foibles, and is deadly serious when he treats his main theme. The result is a rather mixed kind of book, and it is doubtful if, even in his highest reaches, he says anything that was not said thirty years ago by Bernard Shaw in "Major Barbara." But the novel is readable, and very much on the right side, and that is saying a great deal. G. H.

Busman's Honeymoon, by Dorothy Sayers. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

DOROTHY SAYERS has probably done more than any other one person to make the detective story at least a step-sister of the arts. Not only have her own stories been models in this field, but she has been an untiring anthologist, and has prefaced her two "Omnibus of Crime" collections with excellent and scholarly studies. Of late, though, Miss Sayers has seemed to feel that the simon-pure detective story is beneath the dignity of a serious writer, and she has begun making eyes at the novel—the real novel with characters, and humor, and with crime detection pushed into the background—and this is a tragedy for dyed-in-the-wool detective-story readers.

Anyway, "Busman's Honeymoon: A Love Story with Detective Interruptions" *has* Lord Peter Wimsey, even if the great man is now combining detection with homework. When the story opens he has just taken to wife Harriet Vane, heroine of "Gaudy Night" and co-star with Lord Peter in "Strong Poison" and "Have His Carcase." The honeymoon starts auspiciously at a newly purchased house in the country, but before it is well under way the previous owner's corpse turns up in the cellar and the bride and

A frank and open discussion
which concerns every honest supporter of PEACE and FREEDOM!

"SOVIET RUSSIA TODAY" *Presents*
MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
Author and Editor
"WHERE DO THE LIBERALS STAND"

LOUIS FISCHER *Moscow Correspondent* — "THE SOVIET UNION & SPAIN"
MAURICE HINDUS *Noted Author* — "RUSSIA'S GREATEST VICTORY"
JAMES WATERMAN WISE *Editor of "People's Press"* — "THE THREAT TO DEMOCRACY"

MALCOLM COWLEY, Chairman, Lit. Ed. New Republic
MECCA TEMPLE, 133 West 55th St.
Friday—MARCH 19—8 p. m.
Tickets: 25c, 40c, 75c At All Workers Bookshops
Advance Tickets "Soviet Russia Today,"
824 Broadway, New York Phone: ALgonquin 4-2378

THE THEATRE GUILD *presents*
Maxwell Anderson's new play
THE MASQUE OF KINGS
with
HENRY HULL MARGO
DUDLEY DIGGES PAULINE FREDERICK
SHUBERT THEATRE, 44th St., W. of B'way. Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:40. Evgs. 8:40. 300 seats $1.10

THE THEATRE GUILD *presents*

STORM over PATSY
by Bruno Frank, adapted by James Bridie
with SARA ALLGOOD ROGER LIVESEY
CLAUDIA MORGAN IAN McLEAN
LEO G. CARROLL
GUILD THEATRE, 52nd Street, West of Broadway. Mats.: Thursday and Saturday, 2:40. Eve., 8:40.

In next week's New Republic

ANDRÉ GIDE
on Russia

A series of extracts from his book *Return from the USSR* which has made a great sensation in France. It contains passages, both favorable and unfavorable, regarding the present situation in Russia. The New Republic will publish extracts of each kind.

See Page III for
TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

groom interrupt their rhapsodizings (not a minute too soon, if you ask me) to assist in finding the murderer. From here on Miss Sayers has given us a corking mystery with all the trimmings, including that finest of gentlemen's gentlemen, the ineffable Bunter, and a superb cast of local (Great Pagford, Herts.) talent.

The middle-aged lovers are a pleasant pair, but novel readers may be forgiven for refusing to believe that two people just embarked on an experiment noble in purpose would converse almost exclusively in lines from the lesser-known works of the British poets. They may also feel that the author's two-fisted reliance on *la langue Française* is affected and unnecessary. Come back to us, Miss Sayers. Anybody can write a novel. ELIZABETH HULING.

The Quiet Shore, by Walter Havighurst. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

READERS of Mr. Havighurst's "Pier 17" will find "The Quiet Shore" better planned, more literary but less exciting. Its story is built on the antagonism between two branches of the Bradley family: the Sletter Bradleys, farmers, tillers of the soil; and the Murdock Bradleys, merchants, bankers, men of the city. This natural class distrust is sharpened by an accident that robs Ursula Murdock of her mind, for which the Murdocks blame the Sletters; and complicated by Alan Sletter's love for his cousin Donna. To the Murdocks the discovery of natural gas on the farm seems a way out of their financial troubles, but Jonas Sletter refuses to sign away the rights. And so on. Mr. Havighurst's fluency often leads him far afield. His minor characters are drawn with expertness and economy of line. The reader will be a long time forgetting Tatum Young, the old farm hand who sits by the highway waiting for a Nevada car to pass. But the chief character seems to float rather than live. Mr. Havighurst would do well to forget this literary-romantic hero who plagued him before as Adrian Scarf in "Pier 17," and concentrate on the real people he can handle so well when he wants to. D. J.

Contributors

LEON GREEN is dean of Northwestern University School of Law at Chicago and Visiting Professor at Yale University School of Law this year. Readers of The New Republic will remember his recent article, "Unpacking the Court."

KENNETH REXROTH has contributed to several of the "little" magazines and was included in "The Objectivist Anthology." He was born in Indiana but now lives in San Francisco.

THOMAS WOLFE is the author, among other books, of "Look Homeward, Angel" and "Of Time and the River." Born in North Carolina, he now lives in New York and is working on a novel that bears the tentative title, "The Life and Times of Joseph Doaks."

EDMUND WILSON is the author, among other books, of "Axel's Castle," "The American Jitters" and "Travels in Two Democracies."

GERALD P. NYE is United States Senator from North Dakota and was chairman of the Senate Committee that investigated the munitions industry.

MICHAEL SAYERS was dramatic critic of A. R. Orage's New English Weekly. He has published short stories and essays in various magazines and is now working on a play.

A. A. IMBERMAN lives in Baltimore. He is a graduate of New York University and has also studied at the University of Chicago and Johns Hopkins.

MARTHA GRUENING has devoted many years to study and writing in the field of sociology and has centered her attention on the question of interracial relationships.

NATHAN ASCH's new book will be published this spring by W. W. Norton. It is titled, "The Road: In Search of America."

GRANVILLE HICKS, author of "The Great Tradition" and "John Reed," is now working on a book on English literature during the last half-century.

ELIZABETH HULING is a member of the editorial staff of The New Republic.

The initials signed to the brief review are those of Dan James.

SIX POEMS FROM THE RUSSIAN

A. S. PUSHKIN Y. M. LERMONTOV

Ruslan and Ludmilla — **Izmael Bey**
Poltava — **Lithuanian Maid**
Caucasian Captive — **The Daemon**

Press Comments Describing This Book:

TIMES, Trenton, New Jersey.
These poems are long, but length could not destroy the beauty in the poet's heart. There is no weariness in these fine lines.

BLACKWELL DAILY JOURNAL, Blackwell, Okla.
All the poems have been translated into comprehensive and interesting English and Mr. Krup is deserving of great credit.

THE BOSTON GLOBE.
Pushkin and Lermontov both terminated their lives in duels, but their work lives on. Now three of the most admired poems of each are here presented in faithful and unabridged translation for Americans to judge their work on its merits.

DAVID DAVIDOVITCH BURLIUK, outstanding Russian painter and poet.
These poems have not lost their lustre in translation. In English they are as bright and convincing as in the original Russian.

Illustrations by Herbert Fouts, 317 pp., $2.

JACOB KRUP, Publisher and Editor
145 East 23rd Street New York, N. Y.

RESORT

REBECCA SILVER Invites You to

FOREST HOUSE at INTERLAKEN
on Lake Mahopac

most picturesque spot in Putnam County. Excellent Cuisine. All outdoor sports. 50 miles from N. Y. Moderate rates. Open all year.

Lake Mahopac, N. Y. Mahopac, 688 or 977

CORRESPONDENCE CLUBS

ESCAPE from a mentally mediocre environment: **CONTACTS**, literary correspondence club for the intelligent minority, connects you with 2,000 world-wide members. Send 3c stamp for details of unique service. **Box 91, Station D, New York City.**

The purpose of our **FRIENDSHIP CLUB** is to find congenial friends—FOR YOU—wherever you are. Box 670, Seattle, Washington. Postage—please.

HAPPINESS CIRCLE, the best anodyne for the lack of camaraderie. Enclose stamped envelope for details. Dept. W. Box 107, Grand Central Annex, New York.

LONESOME? Join Reliable Correspondence Club. Refined wealthy people everywhere desire correspondence. Stamp for free particulars. Box 404, Sharon, Pennsylvania.

FOR SALE

LACONIA, New Hampshire, overnight trip. 100 acres, woods, fields, with fine view of mountains and lakes; charming old house, 8 rooms, bath, piped water. Sell reasonable. Enquire Kohn, 100 East 42nd Street, New York City.

TRAVEL

A Study Tour of the
COOPERATIVE MOVEMENT
AND EUROPEAN PLANNED SOCIETIES
Summer 1937
Leader: Dr. ROY V. PEEL
New York University
BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
54 Boyd Street Newton, Mass.

LITERARY HELP

LITERARY ASSISTANCE. Criticism, editing, revision, ghost-writing. Papers, theses, articles, stories, books. Excellent references. Long experience. Address: Box 5, The New Republic.

Obtainable through
HECHALUTZ ORGANIZATION
1225 Broadway, N. Y. C.

JEWS AND ARABS IN PALESTINE, ed. by Enzo Sereni and R. E. Ashery.
A radical approach to the Arab-Jewish problem. Cloth bound, 415 pp. .95c

ARAB IMPERIALISM, by Dr. A. Schwadron.
An analysis and criticism of the character of the Arab national movement. .05c

AN OPEN LETTER TO COMRADE GALLACHER, by. Sh. Lavi.
An answer by a proletarian to the address of the communist member of parliament, Gallacher. .07c

REACTION V. PROGRESS IN PALESTINE, by Berl Katznelson.
A description of the nature and aims of the Jewish work in Palestine, and of the opposition of the clerical Arab forces. .10c

DIE JUDISCHE ARBEITERBEWEGUNG IN PALASTINA, by Walter Preuss. *(in German)*
The first complete work on this unique phenomenon, the Pal. labor movement (cooperatives, communes, organization of Arab workers, etc. $1.25

RECORDS

ANNOUNCING AN EXTRAORDINARY SALE

100,000 PARLOPHONE, Odeon, Decca discs. These marvelous European recordings comprise the cream of the world's finest music. A selection to gratify every taste. Sale prices: 50c and 75c per record. Values $1.50 and $2.00. Mail orders. Catalog.

GRAMOPHONE SHOP, Inc., 18 East 48th St., N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED